Newport Mercury.

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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-seventh year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: $2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publishers.

Local Matters.

An Interesting Occasion.

Wednesday night a delegation from Sutton Commandery of New Bedford paid a fraternal visit to Washington Commandery of Newport, bringing with them an engraved set of resolutions, framed in an elegant gold frame, expressing the thanks of Sutton for the enjoyment furnished the 180 members of that Commandery at Washington Commandery's Centennial last June. The resolutions were presented by Em. Commander Coombs of Sutton and were received by Em. Commander Reedy of Washington with very appropriate and complimentary addresses.

There will be two tickets for General Assembly in Jamestown according to present appearances. Alton Head, the present Senator, will be the Republican candidate for that position, and MacSwade will probably be the Republican candidate for Representative. The so-called Progressives will run George C. Carr for Senator and George W. Peckham, Jr., for Representative. It will probably be quite a bitter fight between the two parties. The Democrats will have no ticket of their own but will probably support the Progressive candidates.

It looks at this writing that the State ticket would be made up as follows: Beeckman and San Souci for Governor and Lieutenant Governor on the Republican ticket, Patrick H. Quinn and Sumner Mowry on the Democratic ticket. For Congressman on the Republican ticket Kennedy in the 3d district, Gen. Walter R. Stiness in the second district, with either Burchard or Dixon, in the 1st district. The conventions will be held next Wednesday.

A service was held in Kay Chapel Thursday afternoon, at which the parishioners of the four Protestant Episcopal Churches—Trinity, Emmanuel, St. George's and St. John's—gathered to hear Rt. Rev. James De Wolf Perry, D. D., Bishop of Rhode Island give an address on the mission which is to be held here in November.

Mr. George A. Pritchard is on a ten days' visit to Newport, his former home, renewing old acquaintances. Mr. Pritchard makes his home with his son, Rev. Arthur O. Pritchard, at Scarsdale, N. Y., but spent the summer in Maine and New Hampshire visiting relatives.

Parcels post cannot be called rapid [illegible] many packages received at this office is any guide. A package mailed in Jersey City on Sept. 17, reached our office on October 1st. Fourteen days in transit is many days slower than the old fashioned Stage Coach.

Mr. Everett L. Gorton, of the post-office force, who is spending his vacation at Block Island, is meeting with much success in the fishing line and on Wednesday sent a 30 pound tuna for his fellow employes at the postoffice.

Miss Dorothy V. Sherman, of Middletown, who graduated from the Rogers High School last June, has gone to Glen Eden Academy, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., accompanied by her father, Mr. [illegible] Sherman.

Mr. William R. Hunter, president of the [illegible] Fountain Fishing Club, entertained the members of the club at a [illegible] Thursday.

Mrs. [illegible], wife of Dr. Henry [illegible], was unable to leave for [illegible] the past week on account of illness.

The month of September, which has just closed, has been one of the pleasantest months of the entire year.

Malbone Lodge, N. E. O. P.

The annual visitation to Malbone Lodge, No. 93, N. E. O. P., took place Thursday evening. There was a full board of grand officers present, consisting of William H. Johnson, Providence, Grand Warden, Edward M. Donovan, Providence, Grand Vice Warden, Robert W. Syddall, Pawtucket, Grand Secretary, William F. Worrall, Woonsocket, Grand Treasurer, Mary A. Spooner, Providence, Grand Chaplain, P. W. Card, Providence, Grand Guide, Mrs. Victoria Lindstrom, Providence, Grand Guardian, Bro. Fitton, Grand Sentinel, and Mrs. William F. Worrall, of Woonsocket, Past Grand Chaplain. There was a delegation present from Mariners Lodge of Tiverton and another from Fall River. Addresses were made by the grand officers and others, all of which showed the order to be in a sound and healthy condition. A collation was served, and a general social good time was enjoyed by all.

Republican Caucuses,

The Republican caucuses, which were held in the five representative districts Thursday evening, were harmonious ones, and the following delegates were chosen to a city convention to elect delegates for the State convention, to be holden in Providence next Wednesday, when candidates for Congressmen, Governor and other State officers will be selected:

First district—William P. Tripp, Joseph B. Pike, Edwin S. Manuel, William J. Carr and William P. Kerley.

Second district—Andrew K. McMahon, William R. Harvey, Edward T. Johnson, William H. Langley and George L. Scott.

Third district—John C. Seabury, John J. Peckham, Fred P. Lee, Vincent M. Pinto and W. G. Walter.

Fourth district—John T. Allan, John H. Reuter, Frank Pember, Clark C. Brown, Alexander MacLellan.

Fifth district—James McLeish, Andrew S. Meikle, James Brown, William J. Matson and Charles M. Ewart.

There was no opposition in any district.

Jeremiah O'Connor.

Mr. Jeremiah O'Connor died at his home on Chapel street Wednesday after a long illness. He was one of the old-time gardeners and was for many years employed on the Edgar estate on Old Beach Road. He was one of the oldest members of the Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society. One daughter and three sons survive him.

Train Service.

The fall arrangement of trains on the New Haven road went into effect a week ago. The trains now leave for Boston, Providence, and other places along the line at 6.55, 8.12, 9.10 and 11.05 a. m., 1.10, 3.05, 5.05, 7.10 and 9.23 p. m. Trains arrive here at 9.05 and 11.02 a. m., 1.01, 2.50, 4.55, 5.52, 7.10, 9.23 and 11.10 p. m.

Mr. Stewart J. Tease, a son of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Tease, who has been in the Philippines for five years, is home on a leave of absence. He is a graduate of the Rogers High School, class of 1908. Shortly after his graduation he passed an examination for appointment as clerk in the Philippines insular department and left for his duties at Manila.

Mr. Alexander C. Litterst has returned to his home in Metuchen, N. J., after spending a few days in this city. He was accompanied by his two daughters, Miss Lulu Litterst and Miss Elsie Litterst, who have been guests of Mrs. C. Fred Frasch, for six weeks.

Mrs. Burrell, one of the oldest colored residents of this city, died at the Newport Hospital on Tuesday. Her husband was for many years janitor of the police station and also sexton of All Saints' Church. He died a number of years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Williams removed to Boston the past week, Mr. Williams having secured a position as superintendent of one of the large apartment houses on Commonwealth avenue.

Mrs. Daniel Braman and her daughter, Miss Bertha Virginia Peckham, have returned to their home in Ogontz Park, Pa., after spending the summer in this city.

Miss Alice Sullivan, of this city, has been elected Freshman representative on the student governing body at Trinity College, Washington.

Mr. Rowland A. Gibson left Wednesday for Burlington, Vt., where he will devote his time to the study of medicine at the University of Vermont.

Mr. A. Herbert Ward, a former member of the town council of Middletown, who has been ill for some time, is in a very precarious condition.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles D. Easton are entertaining Dr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Shattuck of Boston, at their home on Annandale street.

Closing of the Beach.

There was a large attendance at the Beach Tuesday evening, it being the closing event of the season—a dancing contest for the one step and for the old fashioned waltz. Cards were given to each person who entered the hall and there was a place to write the number of the couple whom the holder considered the best dancers on the floor. The contest started in the convention hall, with the one step, and was won by Mr. A. V. Sherman and Miss Emma Barker. Immediately following this the old fashioned waltz was in order in the dance pavilion and more couples were entered in this contest than in the one step. The winners were Mr. William T. Martland and Miss Violet C. Kyle, who won a similar prize for this dance in August. Mr. Sherman and Miss Barker have won before during the season.

Box Alarm.

Box 615 was sounded at 11.50 Tuesday morning for a slight fire on the roof at the Golf Club. It was a long run but combination 2 had a lead on the other apparatus, so their services were not required when they arrived, for, with the assistance of the employes, the chemical stream was all that was needed.

One of the horses of Hose 3 fell when the wagon was descending Battey's hill and was badly hurt. Chief Kirwin had some difficulty with his machine when on Harrison avenue and was obliged to proceed in another automobile.

Changed Hands.

Mr. Samuel S. Thompson has sold his grocery business, at Lake's Corner, to Mr. Alexander R. O'Hanley. Mr. O'Hanley has conducted a similar business on lower Thames street, where sub-station No. 3, is located, for many years. This business will be run by his son. Mr. Thompson has been in business, at Lake's Corner, for nearly 24 years and has made many warm, personal friends, who wish him success in whatever plans he has for the future.

Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Spooner, widow of Mr. John Spooner, died at her home on John street on Saturday of last week after a long illness. She was one of the older residents of Newport and a daughter of Richard Cornell and Rachel Peckham Norman. She had spent her entire life in this city, and had many friends. She was one of the oldest members of the United Congregational Church. She leaves three sons and a daughter: Messrs. Thomas, John and George Spooner and Miss Rachel N. Spooner.

Mrs. Philip P. Harrington.

Mrs. Elizabeth Agnes, wife of Letter Carrier Philip P. Harrington, died at her home on Spring street after a long illness Thursday morning. She had a wide circle of friends and was liked by all who knew her. Three children survive her: Mrs. Cornelius W. R. Callahan, Mrs. John F. Sullivan and John J. Harrington.

Ensign Margaret Beeching, who has been in Newport with the Salvation Army for three years, has taken her departure from the city on account of ill health. Lieutenant Helen McLeod has been chosen in her place and has arrived from Cambridge, Mass.

Before an audience of nearly 100 persons, Miss Kate L. Clarke spoke of her experiences in Europe, at the home of Mrs. Felix Peckham, on Everett street. Her remarks were most interesting and the audience was a very appreciative one.

Mr. William M. Bates, who recently died, was well known in Newport, having been associated with Messrs. John G. Weaver and John G. Weaver, Jr., at the old Ocean House many years ago. He was 80 years of age.

Mr. and Mrs. William Grosvenor have returned from their honeymoon, which they spent in West Virginia, and are guests of Mr. Grosvenor's mother, Mrs. William Grosvenor, at "Roslyn."

There is to be a meeting of the Newport Improvement Association at the Historical Society rooms on Monday next at 10.30 a. m.

Dr and Mrs. Rufus E. Darrah are enjoying a vacation and while away will visit the Johns Hopkins Hospital.

Mr. Peter King, Jr., has entered the senior class at Phillip's Andover Academy, Andover, Mass.

A special meeting of the representative council will be held on October 13.

Senator Nelson W. Aldrich was a Newport visitor on Thursday.

Rev. and Mrs. William Safford Jones are visiting in Hingham, East Bridgewater.

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs has closed her Newport season and gone to New York.

Recent Deaths.

Mrs. Carl Jurgens.

Mrs. Louise Jurgens, widow of Carl Jurgens, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Charles H. Parker, on the Boulevard, in Middletown, Wednesday morning, having been ill for a number of weeks. Mrs. Jurgens was a daughter of the late William F. Kuhn, one of the earliest German residents of Newport. In April, 1877, she married Carl Jurgens, the well known florist, who died in November, 1909.

Mrs. Jurgens was a woman of exemplary character and was kind to all who knew her. She was extremely fond of her home, being an ideal mother; she was also fond of young people's society, and was very companionable to her children. She was a member of Trinity Church and was a regular attendant and an active worker.

Mrs. Jurgens leaves three children: Mrs. Frederick C. Shrerer of Orange, N. J., Mrs. Charles H. Parker and Carl Jurgens, Jr., of Middletown.

Sullivan—Briggs.

Miss Helen Editha Briggs, daughter of Mrs. Harry Briggs, and Mr. William Emmett Sullivan, were united in marriage at St. Mary's rectory Wednesday evening, Rev. M. L. Ryan officiating. The ceremony was witnessed by relatives and a few intimate friends. The bride wore a costume of cream colored broadcloth and wore a black picture hat. Her bouquet was of orchids and lily of the valley.

Miss Anna Connell was the bridesmaid and wore a dress of blue broadcloth and a large black hat. Her bouquet was of lily of the valley. Mr. Joseph F. Sullivan, a brother of the groom, was best man.

A bridal supper was held at the home of the bride's mother on Spring street, where congratulations and best wishes were offered to the young couple. The bride received many pretty and useful gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan left on the Fall River line boat for New York and Washington. On their return they will reside on Morton avenue.

Wednesday a Jewish Holiday.

Wednesday in the Jewish Church was Yom Kippur, the Jewish day of atonement. It is one of the holidays in the Jewish Church and was generally observed by the Jews of Newport. The Yom Kippur service in all the synagogues opened with the chanting of Kol Nidre and the services in this city lasted most of the day and all the Jewish places of business were closed.

In very early times Yom Kippur was devoted to penitence for the sin of the golden calf. Now, however, it is devoted to expiating all national sins of the people. It begins, according to the Jewish calendar, on the ninth day of Tisri, the seventh month of the sacred year, but the first month of the Hebrew civil year. Authority for Yom Kippur is found by the Jews in the book of Leviticus, where Moses sets aside this day at the command of God as a day of fasting and sacrifice. In ancient times two black goats were offered as sacrifices for the atonement of sin and a ram for the holocaust. The sacrificial part of the ceremony has long since been discontinued.

The bag containing the jewels of Mrs. Harold Brown, which was lost from an automobile in Boston last week, has been found and is now in the possession of its owner.

Mr. Martin Hines was struck by an automobile on Long Wharf Thursday evening and was conveyed to the Newport Hospital where it was found his injuries were not severe.

The home of Mrs. Henry H. Swinburne, on Bliss Mine Road, was broken into recently and considerable damage done. The house had not been occupied the past summer.

Senator Munro of Providence says that he is still in the field for the Democratic nomination for Governor. It looks as though the convention might be a fighting one.

Mrs. Joseph Milne and Mrs. Robert Crapo of Fall River have been guest of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Tibbetts, on Hoffman Place, the past week.

The State election takes place four weeks from next Tuesday. Previous to that time there will doubtless be some lively campaigning.

Judge Rathbun will preside at the October term of the Superior Court which begins its Newport session next Monday.

Mrs. Phebe Bradford Brown has moved into her new house on Powel avenue.

Battleships Texas, Minnesota and Rhode Island are on their way to Vera Cruz.

The schools this year show an increased attendance over previous years.

Wedding Bells.

Gardner—Martin.

Miss Josephine Martin and Mr. John Gardner were married in St. Augustin's rectory Monday evening, Rev. M. F. Reddy officiating. The bride wore a travelling suit of blue broadcloth, with hat to match, and was attended by Miss Josephine Borrigan. Mr. Harry P. Martin, brother of the bride, was the best man. The bride received many pretty gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner left via the Fall River line on a trip to New York and Niagara, after which they will make their home in Florida.

Alty—Hart.

A quiet but very pretty wedding took place Thursday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William V. Hart, on Wapping Road, in Middletown, when their eldest daughter, Miss Louise Mason Hart, was married to Mr. Archibald Alty, deputy jailor, of Newport, in the presence of the immediate families. Rev. Latta Griswold, rector of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, performed the ceremony. The bride wore a travelling dress of blue with a hat of pansies.

A luncheon followed the ceremony, after which Mr. and Mrs. Alty left by automobile on their wedding trip and on their return will reside in Newport.

The bride was the recipient of many pretty and useful gifts.

Cotton—Dvorak.

The marriage of Miss Georgia Dvorak of New York and Mr. William Cotton, son of Mrs. William Cotton, of this city, took place at the church of the Transfiguration in New York Tuesday. Miss Dvorak is a very talented young woman and Mr. Cotton is well known as a finished painter, having recently held an exhibition of his work in this city.

A telegram received a few days ago announced the death in battle of Alexander Mercer, for many years employed by ex-Senator Wetmore as Chef. Mercer left here a month or so ago to go back home and fight for his native land in the French Army. No further particulars have been received as to his death. The death of Mr. Paulus, who kept a store on Franklin street, is also reported and of Mr. Andree, who was in Newport this past summer.

All the war accounts that reach this country would seem to indicate that the Germans are slowly being driven back, and that they are getting the worst of it. Both sides and all sides are fighting desperately, and the loss of life is fearful. No war in the world's history can compare with this one in the dreadful slaughter of human lives.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Bishop celebrated the twenty fifth anniversary of their marriage at their home on Third street Wednesday evening, being very generously remembered by their friends.

Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont has forwarded a check for $1,000 to her daughter, the Duchess of Marlborough, who is in England, for the relief of the Belgian refugees.

The Superior Court convenes next Monday for its October session. There are quite a number of new cases on the docket.

Commander Henry E. Parmenter, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Parmenter will spend the winter on the Pacific coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Oelrichs, who recently returned from Europe, are spending a vacation in Newport.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt will not close "The Breakers" until after Thanksgiving.

Mr. William F. Spingler, who has been ill at the Newport Hospital, is improving.

Mrs. Lorillard Spencer is expected home from the Philippines in December.

Election of Officers.

Mianetuck Tennis Club.

President—Hugh Barkly Baker.
Secretary—Miss Catherine M. Cottrell.
Treasurer—Abner L. Slocum.
Executive Committee—Miss Julia P. Brown, Herbert L. Dyer, Charles L. Sherman, Rev. William Safford Jones. The club voted to continue its membership in the United States National Lawn Tennis Club.

Newport Navy Aid Society.

President—Captain Roger Welles.
Vice President—Gunner R. Schumaher.
Secretary and Treasurer—Lieutenant Commander Franck T. Evans.
Board of Investigators—Chief Master-at-Arms Gus Regrue, Chief Commissary Steward T. N. W. Knight, Chief Master-at-Arms A. G. C. Pitz.
Incorporators—Captain Roger Welles, Lieutenant Commander Franck T. Evans, Gunner R. Schumaher and Chief Master-at-Arms Gus Regrue.

The Newport Improvement Tenement Building Association.

President—Mrs. Ellen F. Mason.
Secretary and Treasurer—Edward O. Riggs.
Collecting Agent—Mrs. Emily Hathaway.
Auditor—Herbert L. Dyer.
Directors—George Peabody Wetmore, Herbert L. Dyer, Miss Ida M. Mason, Miss Anna F. Hunter, Miss Phebe Bull.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Deaconess Josephine T. Fiske, superintendent of the Deaconess Home, Providence, and formerly of the Boston Home, spoke upon the work at the afternoon service at the M. E. Church on last Sunday afternoon. A special offering was taken at the close of the service, amounting to $37.50, and in the evening the Epworth League pledged $10 to assist her in caring for a 12-year old girl which had been left in her charge. Rev. Mr. Wells announced that there would be a celebration of Holy Communion next Sunday afternoon in accordance with President Wilson's proclamation for the observance of Peace Sunday.

The square two-story barn, with cupola top, so long a landmark on upper Wapping Road, has been recently moved from back in the lot out to the road in an adjoining field, a cellar placed beneath it, and work is underway to remodel it into a two tenement house.

The following delegates have been appointed the past week: To the Epworth League Conventions at Brockton, Oct. 12, Mrs. Wm. L. Brown (Mr. Brown by virtue of his office as president); Mrs. Elisha A. Peckham, Mrs. Ida M. Brown and Miss Sadie E. Peckham. To the convention of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society at Pittsfield, Mass., Oct. 10-15, the president, Mrs. Fred Smith, Mrs. E. E. Wells, wife of the pastor of the M. E. Church, and Mrs. R. Wallace Peckham.

Mrs. Arthur Peckham and Mrs. Eliza Clarke, who have been spending the summer with Mr. Lewis and family, have returned to their home on Robinson street, Newport.

The meetings of the Public School Committee were resumed Sept. 21st, at the town hall. Three of the schools have an attendance, in excess of the seating capacity, the Witherbee, the Wyatt and the Peabody. At the latter school there are 61 children, with seats for but 40. The superintendent, Mr. Joel Peckham, is negotiating for a room in a private house nearby and when arrangements are completed will transfer the first grade children there under a separate teacher.

Mr. John P. Coggeshall of Portsmouth has completed his contract on the new 40 by 80 foot horse shed which is located at the east side of the M. E. Church.

Thirty-seven quarts of cultivated blackberries have been picked during the past two weeks at the Peabody Place, Honeyman Hill, and 12 quarts of strawberries on Monday of this week on Wapping Road. Raspberries, in small quantities, continue to be gathered every few days.

Wednesday's rain proved a great blessing, for many cisterns had been dry for sometime, also the brooks and wells were low.

With the opening of St. George's School last week the boys of the vested choir resumed, on Sunday morning, their duties at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. Rev. John B. Diman delivered the sermon, urging the boys to set a high standard, and to fill the coming year with definite purposes which shall mean a substantial foundation for their life work in the future. The rector, Rev. Latta Griswold, read President Wilson's proclamation for the holding of Peace Sunday services which will be observed by a celebration of the Holy Eucharist. The offering next Sunday will be for the Red Cross Work in Europe. Rev. Mr. Griswold acted as celebrant at the service of Holy Communion last Sunday. There was a large congregation present, extra chairs being placed in the aisle. Sunday School was resumed after the summer recess.

A postponed meeting of Aquidneck Grange was held on Monday evening at the town hall. The "Lecturer's hour", was in charge of Rev. E. E. Wells, "An Evening with the Humorists." On Thursday of next week the annual "Neighbor's Night" will be observed and, as usual, elaborate preparations are under way. The favorite Grange quartette will be heard, also Mrs. Philip Caswell, in solo numbers.

St. Michael's Day was observed by a special service conducted by Rev. F. W. Goodman, at the church of the Holy Cross Tuesday morning. The members of the Women's Auxiliary then adjourned to the Guild House and, after a basket lunch, spent the afternoon in preparing garments for the children at St. Mary's Orphanage.

JAMESTOWN.

Jamestown, Sept. 28th, 1914.

DEAR SIR: In the article in Saturday's MERCURY about the burning of the steamer Conanicut are two errors, one, the sum named as to her cost, instead of $37,500 it was $20,000, and the other, the year she was built was 1891, instead of 1886. Capt. I. B. Briggs and myself were appointed by the town to have a boat built. She was built by contract, The Pusey Jones Co. of Wilmington, Del., being the lowest bidders, it was given to them to build and that was the price.

There is another item I like to talk about once in a while. My grandfather was Elijah Anthony. He began taking the MERCURY soon after he was married, in 1793, and from that time to this you have been sending the MERCURY continuously to the name Elijah Anthony, with the exception of about eighteen years, while I was growing old enough and making myself a home to commence to take it, and that is fifty-four years ago last spring. Can't I go to the head?

Respectfully Yours,
ELIJAH ANTHONY.

I rather think you can. Take your place till the next one is heard from.

Mr. Patrick C. Boyle, son of Mayor Boyle, has resumed his studies at the Philadelphia Optical College.

It is not the many oaths that make the truth, but the plain single vow that is vowed true.—Shakespeare.

THE LAST SHOT

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by FREDERICK PALMER

CHAPTER IV CONTINUED

"If we lose them we'll never get them back. Better die than be beaten!"

Herbert Stransky, with deep-set eyes, slightly squinting inward, and a heavy jaw, an enormous man who was the best shot in the company when he cared to be, had listened in silence to the others, his rather thick but expressive lips curving with cynicism. His only speech all the morning had been in the midst of the reception in the public square of the town when he said:

"This home-coming doesn't mean much to me. Home? Holl! The hedgerows of the world are my home!"

He appeared older than his years, and hard and bitter, except when his eyes would light with a feverish sort of fire which shone as he broke into a lull in the talk.

"Comrades," he began.

"Let us hear from the Socialist!" a Tory exclaimed.

"No, the anarchist!" shouted a Socialist.

"There won't be any war!" said Stransky, his voice gradually rising to the pitch of an agitator relishing the sensation of his own words. "Patriotism is the played-out trick of the ruling classes to keep down the proletariat. There won't be any war! Why? Because there are too many enlightened men on both sides who do the world's work. We of the 53d are a provincial lot, but throughout our army there are thousands upon thousands like me. They march, they drill, but when battle comes they will refuse to fight—my comrades in heart, to whom the flag of this country means no more than that of any other country!"

"Hold on! The flag is sacred!" cried the banker's son.

"Yes, that will do!"

"Shut up!"

Other voices formed a chorus of angry protest.

"I knew you thought it; now I've caught you!" This from the sergeant, who had seen hard fighting against a savage foe in Africa and therefore was particularly bitter about the Bollapoo affair. The welt of a scar on the gaunt, fever-yellowed cheek turned a deeper red as he seized Stransky by the collar of the blouse. Stransky raised his free hand as if to strike, but paused as he faced the company's boyish captain, slender of figure, aristocratic of feature. His indignation was as evident as the sergeant's, but he was biting his lips to keep it under control.

"You heard what he said, sir?"

"The latter part—enough!"

"It's incitation to mutiny! An example!"

"Yes, put him under arrest."

The sergeant still held fast to the collar of Stransky's blouse. Stransky could have shaken himself free, as a mastiff frees himself from a puppy, but this was resistance to arrest and he had not yet made up his mind to go that far. His muscles were wearing under the sergeant's grip, his eyes glowing as with volcanic fire waiting on the madness of impulse for eruption.

"I wonder if it is really worth while to put him under arrest?" said some one at the edge of the group in amiable inquiry.

The voice came from an officer of about thirty-five, who apparently had strolled over from a nearby aeroplane station to look at the regiment. From his shoulder hung the gold cords of the staff. It was Col. Arthur Lanstron, whose plane had skimmed the Gallands' garden wall for the "easy bump" ten years ago. There was something more than mere titular respect in the way the young captain saluted—admiration and the diffident, boyish glance of recognition which does not presume to take the lead in recalling a slight acquaintance with a man of distinction.

"Dellarme! It's all of two years since we met at Miss Galland's, isn't it?" Lanstron said, shaking hands with the captain.

"Yes, just before we were ordered south," said Dellarme, obviously pleased to be remembered.

"I overheard your speech," Lanstron continued, nodding toward Stransky. "It was very informing."

A crowd of soldiers was now pressing around Stransky, and in the front rank was Grandfather Fragini.

"Said our flag was no better'n any other flag, did he?" piped the old man. "Beat him to a pulp! That's what the Hussars would have done."

"If you don't mind telling it in public, Stransky, I should like to know your origin," said Lanstron, prepared to be as considerate of an anarchist's private feelings as of anybody's.

Stransky squinted his eyes down the bony bridge of his nose and grinned sardonically.

"That won't take long," he answered. "My father, so far as I could identify him, died in jail and my mother of drink."

"That was hardly to the purple!" observed Lanstron thoughtfully.

"Nor to the red!" answered Stransky savagely.

"I mean that it was hardly inclined to make you take a roseate view of life as a beautiful thing in a well-ordered world where favors of fortune are evenly distributed," continued Lanstron.

"Rather to make me rejoice in the hope of a new order of things—the recreation of society!" Stransky uttered the sentiment with the triumphant pride of a pupil who knows his text-book thoroughly.

By this time the colonel commanding the regiment, who had noticed the excitement from a distance, appeared, forcing a gap for his passage through the crowd with sharp words. He, too, recognized Lanstron. After they had shaken hands, the colonel scowled as he heard the situation explained, with the old sergeant, still holding fast to Stransky's collar, a capable and insistent witness for the prosecution; while Stransky, the fire in his eyes dying to coals, stared straight ahead.

"It is only a suggestion, of course," said Lanstron, speaking quite as a spectator to avoid the least indication of interference with the colonel's authority, "but it seems possible that Stransky has clothed his wrongs in a garb that could never set well on his nature if he tried to wear it in practice. He is really an individualist. Enraged, he would fight well. I should like nothing better than a force of Stranskys if I had to defend a redoubt in a last stand."

"Yes, he might fight." The colonel looked hard at Stransky's rigid profile, with its tight lips and chin as firm as if cut out of stone. "You never know who will fight in the pinch, they say. But that's speculation. It's the example that I have to deal with."

"He is not of the insidious, plotting type. He spoke his mind openly," suggested Lanstron. "If you give him the limit of the law, why, he becomes a martyr to persecution. I should say that his remarks might pass for barrack-room gassing."

"Very well," said the colonel, taking the shortest way out of the difficulty. "We will excuse the first offense."

"Yes, sir!" said the sergeant mechanically as he released his grip of the offender. "We had two anarchists in my company in Africa," he observed in loyal agreement with orders. "They fought like devils. The only trouble was to keep them from shooting innocent natives for sport."

Stransky's collar was still crumpled on the nape of his neck. He remained stock-still, staring down the bridge of his nose. For a full minute he did not vouchsafe so much as a glance upward over the change in his fortunes. Then he looked around at Lanstron gloweringly.

"I know who you are!" he said. "You were born in the purple. You have had education, opportunity, position—everything that you and your kind want to keep for your kind. You are smarter than the others. You would hang a man with spider webs instead of hemp. But I won't fight for you! No, I won't!"

He threw back his head with a determination in his defiance so intense that it had a certain kind of dignity that freed it of theatrical affectation.

"Yes, I was fortunate; but perhaps nature was not altogether unkind to you," said Lanstron. "In Napoleonic times, Stransky, I think you might even have carried a marshal's baton in your knapsack."

"You—what rot!" A sort of triumph played around Stransky's full lips and his jaw shot out challengingly. "No, never against my comrades on the other side of the border!" he concluded, his dogged stare returning.

Now the colonel gave the order to fall in; the bugle sounded and the centipede's legs began to assemble on the road. But Stransky remained a statue, his rifle untouched on the sward. He seemed of a mind to let the regiment go on without him.

"Stransky, fall in!" called the sergeant.

Still Stransky did not move. A comrade picked up the rifle and fairly thrust it into his hands.

"Come on, Bert, and knead dough with the rest of us!" he whispered.

A Speck in the Blue Far Away.

"Come on! Cheer up!" Evidently his comrades liked Stransky.

"No!" roared Stransky, bringing the rifle down on the ground with a heavy blow.

Then impulse broke through the restraint that seemed to characterize the Lanstron of thirty-five. The Lanstron of twenty-five, who had met catastrophe because he was "wool-gathering," asserted himself. He put his hand on Stransky's shoulder. It was a strong though slim hand that looked as if it had been trained to do the work of two hands in the process of its owner's own transformation. Thus the old sergeant had seen a general remonstrate with a brave veteran who had been guilty of bad conduct in Africa. The old colonel gasped at such a subversion of the dignity of rank. He saw the army going to the devil. But young Dellarme, watching with eager curiosity, was sensible of no familiarity in the act. It all depended on how such a thing was done, he was thinking.

"We all have minutes when we are more or less anarchists," said Lanstron in the human appeal of one man to another. "But we don't want to be judged by one of those minutes. I got a hand mashed up for a mistake that took only a second. Think this over tonight before you act. Then, if you are of the same opinion, go to the colonel and tell him so. Come, why not?"

"All right, sir, you're so decent about it!" grumbled Stransky, taking his place in the ranks.

Hep-hep-hep! The regiment started on its way, with Grandfather Fragini keeping at his grandson's side.

"Makes me feel young again, but it's darned solemn beside the Hussars, with their horses' bits a-jingling. Times have certainly changed—officers' hands in their pockets, saying 'If you don't mind' to a man that's insulted the flag! Kicking ain't good enough for that traitor! Ought to hang him—yes, sir, hang and draw him!"

Lanstron watched the marching column for a time.

"Hep-hep-hep! It's the brown of the infantry that counts in the end," he mused. "I liked that wall-eyed giant. He's all man!"

Then his roving glance swept the heavens inquiringly. A speck in the blue, far away in the realms of atmospheric infinity, kept growing in size until it took the form of the wings with which man flies. The plane volplaned down with steady swiftness, till its racing shadow lay large over the landscape for a few seconds before it rose again with beautiful ease and precision.

"Bully for you, Etzel!" Lanstron thought, as he started back to the aeroplane station. "You belong in the corps. We shall not let you return to your regiment for a while. You've a cool head and you'd charge a church tower if that were the orders."

CHAPTER V.

A Sunday Morning Call.

As a boy, Arthur Lanstron had persisted in being an exception to the influences of both heredity and environment. Though his father and both grandfathers were officers who believed theirs to be the true gentleman's profession, he had preferred any kind of mechanical toy to arranging the most gayly painted tin soldiers in formation on the nursery floor; and he would rather read about the wonders of natural history and electricity than the campaigns of Napoleon and Frederick the Great and my Lord Nelson. Left to his own choice, he would miss the parade of the garrison for inspection by an excellency in order to ask questions of a man wiping the oil off his hands with cotton-waste, who was far more entertaining to him than the most spick-and-span ramrod of a sergeant.

Upon being told one day that he was to go to the military school the following autumn, he broke out in open rebellion.

"I don't want to go to the army!" he said.

"Why?" asked his father, thinking that when the boy had to give his reasons he would soon be argued out of the heresy.

"It's drilling a few hours a day, then nothing to do," Arthur replied. "All your work waits on war and you don't know that there will ever be any war. It waits on something nobody wants to happen. Now, if you manufacture something, why, you see wool come out cloth, steel come out an automobile. If you build a bridge you see it rising little by little. You're getting your results every day; you see your mistakes and your successes. You're making something, creating something; there's something going on all the while that isn't guesswork. I think that's what I want to say. You won't order me to be a soldier, will you?"

The father, loath to do this, called in the assistance of an able pleader then, Eugene Partow, lately become chief of staff of the Browns, who was an old friend of the Lanstron family. Partow turned the balance on the side of filial affection. He kept watch of the boy, but without favoring him with influence. Young Lanstron, who wanted to see results, had to earn them. He realized in practice the truth of Partow's saying that there was nothing he had ever learned but what could be of service to him as an officer.

"Finding enough work to do?" Partow would ask with a chuckle when they met in these days; for he had made Lanstron both chief of intelligence and chief aerostatic officer. Young Colonel Lanstron's was the duty of gaining the secrets of the Gray staff and keeping those of the Brown and organizing up-to-the-moment efficiency in the new forces of the air.

He had remarked truly enough that the injury to his left hand served as a better reminder against the folly of wool-gathering than a string, even a large red string, tied around his finger. Thanks to skillful surgery, the fingers, incapable of spreading much, were yet serviceable and had a firm grip of the wheel as he rose from the aeroplane station on the Sunday morning after Marta's return home for a flight to La Tir.

He knew the pattern weaving under his feet as one knows that of his own garden from an overlooking window. Every detail of the staff map, ravines, roads, buildings, battery positions, was stitched together in the flowing reality of actual vision. No white posts were necessary to tell him where the boundary between the two nations lay. The line was drawn in his brain.

Now that Lanstron was the organizer of the aviation corps his own flights were rare. Mostly they were made to La Tir. His visits to Marta were his holidays. All the time that she was absent on her journey around the world they had corresponded. Her letters, so revealing of herself and her peculiar angles of observation, formed a bundle sacredly preserved. Her mother's joking reference about her girlish resolution not to marry a soldier often recurred to him. There, he sometimes thought, was the real obstacle to his great desire.

When he alighted from the plane he thrust his left hand into his blouse pocket. He always carried it there, as if it were literally sewn in place. In moments of emotion the scarred nerves would twitch as the telltale of his sensitiveness; and this was something he would conceal from others no matter how conscious he was of it himself. He found the Galland veranda deserted. In response to his ring a maid came to the open door. Her face was sad, with a beauty that had prematurely faded. But it lighted pleasurably in recognition. Her hair was thick and tawny, lying low over the brow; her eyes were a softly luminous brown and her full lips sensitive and yielding. Lanstron, an intimate of the Galland household, knew her story well and the part that Marta had played in it.

Some four years previously, when a baby was in prospect for Minna, who wore no wedding ring, Mrs. Galland had been inclined to send the maid to an institution, "where they will take good care of her, my dear. That's what such institutions are for. It is quite scandalous for her and for us—never happened in our family before!"

Marta arched her eyebrows.

"We don't know!" she exclaimed softly.

"How can you think such a thing, let alone saying it—you, a Galland!" her mother gasped in indignation.

"That is, if we go far back," said Marta. "At all events, we have no precedent, so let's establish one by keeping her."

"But for her own sake! She will have to live with her shame!" Mrs. Galland objected. "Let her begin afresh in the city. We shall give her a good recommendation, for she is really an excellent servant. Yes, she will readily find a place among strangers."

"Still, she doesn't want to go, and it would be cruel to send her away."

"Cruel! Why, Marta, do you think I would be cruel? Oh, very well, then we will let her stay!"

* * * * * * *

"Both are away at church. Mrs. Galland ought to be here any minute, but Miss Galland will be later because of her children's class," said Minna. "Will you wait on the veranda?"

He was saying that he would stroll in the garden when childish footsteps were heard in the hall, and after a curly head had nestled against the mother's skirts its owner, reminded of the importance of manners in the world where the stork had left her, made a curtsey. Lanstron shook a small hand which must have lately been on intimate terms with sugar or jam.

"How do you do, flying soldier man?" chirruped Clarissa Eileen. It was evident that she held Lanstron in high favor.

"Let me hear you say your name," said Lanstron.

Clarissa Eileen was triumphant. She had been waiting for days with the revelation when he should make that old request. Now she enunciated it with every vowel and consonant correctly and primly uttered; indeed, she repeated it four or five times in proof of complete mastery.

"A pretty name. I've often wondered how you came to give it to her," said Lanstron to Minna.

"You do like it!" exclaimed Minna with girlish eagerness. "I gave her the most beautiful name I could think of because"—she laid her hand caressingly on the child's head and a madonna-like radiance stole into her face—"because she might at least have a beautiful name when"—the dull blaze of a recollection now burning in her eyes—"when there wasn't much prospect of many beautiful things coming into her life; though I know, of course, that the world thinks she ought to be called Maggie."

* * * * * * *

Proceeding leisurely along the main path of the first terrace, Lanstron followed it past the rear of the house to the old tower. Long ago the moat that surrounded the castle had been filled in. The green of rows of grape vines lay against the background of a mat of ivy on the ancient stone walls, which had been cut away from the loopholes set with window glass. The door was open, showing a room that had been closed in by a ceiling of boards from the walls to the circular stairway that ran aloft from the dungeons. On the floor of flags were cheap rugs. A number of seed and nursery catalogues were piled on a round table covered with a brown cloth.

"Hello!" Lanstron called softly. "Hello!" he called louder and yet louder.

Receiving no answer, he retraced his steps and seated himself on the second terrace in a secluded spot in the shadow of the first terrace wall, where he could see anyone coming up the main flight of steps from the road. When Marta walked she usually came from town by that way. At length the sound of a slow step from another direction broke on his ear. Some one was approaching along the path that ran at his feet. Around the corner of the wall, in his workman's Sunday clothes of black, but wearing his old straw hat, appeared Feller, the gardener. He paused to examine a rose bush and Lanstron regarded him thoughtfully.

As he turned away he looked up, and a glance of definite and unfaltering recognition was exchanged between the two men. They had the garden to themselves.

"Gustave!" Lanstron exclaimed under his breath.

"Lanny!" exclaimed the gardener, turning over a branch of the rose bush. He seemed unwilling to risk talking openly with Lanstron.

"You look the good workman in his Sunday best to a T!" said Lanstron.

"Being stone deaf," returned Feller, with a trace of drollery in his voice. "I hear very well—at times. Tell me"—his whisper was quivering with eagerness—"shall we fight! Shall we fight?"

"We are nearer to it than we have ever been in our time," Lanstron replied.

The hat still shaded Feller's face, his stoop was unchanged, but the branch in his hand shook.

"Honest!" he exclaimed. "Oh, the chance of it! The chance of it!"

"Gustave!" Lanstron's voice, still low, came in a gust of sympathy, and the pocket which concealed his hand gave a nervous twitch as if it held something alive and distinct from his own being. "The trial wears on you! Do you want to go?"

"No!" Feller shot back irritably. "No!" he repeated resolutely. "I don't want to go! I mean to be game—I—" He shifted his gaze from the bush which he still pretended to examine and suddenly broke off with: "Miss Galland is coming!"

Lanstron started toward the steps that Marta was ascending. She moved leisurely, yet with a certain springy energy that suggested that she might have come on the run without being out of breath or seeming to have made an effort.

"Hello, stranger!" she called as she saw him, and quickened her pace.

"Hello, pedagogue!" he responded.

As they shook hands they swung their arms back and forth like a pair of romping children for a moment.

"We had a grand session of the school this morning, the largest class ever!" she said. "And the points we scored off you soldiers! You'll find disarmament already in progress when you return to headquarters. We're irresistible, or at least," she added, with a flash of intensity, "we're going to be some day."

"So you put on your war-paint!"

"It must be the pollen from the hydrangeas!" She flicked her handkerchief from her belt and passed it to him. "Show that you know how to be useful!"

He performed the task with deliberate care.

"Heavens! You even have some on your ear and some on your hair; but I'll leave it on your hair; it's rather becoming. There you are!" he concluded.

"Off my hair, too!"

"Very well. I always obey orders."

"I oughtn't to have asked you to do it at all!" she exclaimed with a sudden change of manner as they started up to the house. "But a habit of friendship, a habit of liking to believe in one's friends, was uppermost. I forgot. I oughtn't even to have shaken hands with you!"

"Marta! What now, Marta?" he asked.

He had known her in reproach, in anger, in laughing mockery, in militant seriousness, but never before like this. The pain and indignation in her eyes came not from the sheer hurt of a wound but from the hurt of its source. It was as if he had learned by the signal of its loss that he had a deeper hold on her than he had realized.

"Yes, I have a bone to pick with you," she said, recovering a grim sort of fellowship. "A big bone! If you're half a friend you'll give me the very marrow of it."

"I am ready!" he answered more pathetically than philosophically.

"There's not time now; after luncheon, when mother is taking her nap," she concluded as they came to the last step and saw Mrs. Galland on the veranda.

Ater luncheon Mrs. Galland kept battling with her nods until nature was victorious and she fell fast asleep. Marta, grown restless with impatience, suggested to Lanstron that they stroll in the garden, and they took the path past the house toward the castle tower, stopping in an arbor with high hedges on either side around a statue of Mercury.

"Now!" exclaimed Marta narrowly. "It was you, Lanny, who recommended Feller to us as a gardener, competent though deaf! I have proved him to be a man of most sensitive hearing. I didn't let him know that he was discovered. You brought him here—you, Lanny, you are the one to explain."

"True, he is not deaf!" Lanstron replied.

"He is a spy?" she asked.

"Yes, a spy. You can put things in a bright light, Marta!" He found words coming with difficulty in face of the pain and disillusion of her set look.

"Using some man as a pawn; setting him as a spy in the garden where you have been the welcome friend!" she exclaimed. "A spy on what—on my mother, on Minna, on me, on the flowers, as a part of this monstrous game of trickery and lies that you are playing?"

There was no trace of anger in her tone. It was that of one mortally hurt. Anger would have been easier to bear than the measuring, penetrating wonder that found him guilty of such a horrible part. Those eyes would have confused Partow himself with the steady, welling intensity of their gaze. She did not see how his left hand was twitching and how he stilled its movement by pressing it against the bench.

"You will take Feller with you when you go!" she said, rising."

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

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Middleboro—11.05 a. m., 3.03 p. m.

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Provincetown—11.05 a. m.

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Imagine Hercules as oarsman in a rotten boat; what can he do there but by the very force of his stroke expedite the ruin of his craft? Take care, then, of the timbers of your boat and avoid all practices likely to introduce either wet or dry rot among them. And this is not to be accomplished by desultory or intermittent efforts of the will, but by the formation of habits. The will, no doubt, has sometimes to put forth its strength in order to strangle or crush the special temptation. But the formation of right habits is essential to your permanent security. They diminish your chance of falling when assailed and they augment your chance of recovery when overthrown.—John Tyndall.

Rapid Sightseeing.

Europeans are wont to talk of Americans who rush through Europe with a guidebook in one hand and a railroad timetable in the other, but an Englishman overheard on a Fifth avenue bus the other day was in a class by himself for speed.

"I've been up to the Metropolitan museum," he volunteered to a seatmate. "Rally fine place, but big. Took me an hour to see everything in it."—New York Tribune.

Caustic.

He had refused to buy her a new dress, yet she made no complaint.

"You don't call me a brute any more," he said tauntingly.

"No," she replied; "the brutes have been maligned too much already."—Boston Transcript.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

THE LAST SHOT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

Lanstron dropped his head in a kind of shaking throb of his whole body and raised a face white with appeal.

"Marta!" He was speaking to a profile, very sensitive and yet like ivory. "I've no excuse for such an abuse of hospitality except the obsession of a loathsome work that some man must do and I was set to do. My God, Marta! I cease to be natural and human. I am a machine. I keep thinking, what if war comes and some error of mine let the enemy know where to strike the blow of victory! or if there were information I might have gained and failed to gain that would have given us the victory—if, because I had not done my part, thousands of lives of our soldiers were sacrificed needlessly!"

At that she turned on him quickly, her face softening.

"You do think of that—the lives!"

"Yes, why shouldn't I!"

"Of those on your side!" she exclaimed, turning away.

"Yes, of those first," he replied. "And, Marta, I did not tell you why Feller was here because he did not want me to."

(To Be Continued.)

LEGEND OF THE TEAPOT.

Origin of the Beverage as the Tale Is Told In China.

The Chinese claim to be the first users of tea as a drink, and how it originated is told in a pretty little legend that dates from 2,000 years before the coming of Christ.

A daughter of a then reigning sovereign fell in love with a young nobleman whose humble birth excluded him from marrying her. They managed to exchange glances, and he occasionally gathered a few blossoms and had them conveyed to her.

One day in the palace garden the sweethearts met, and the young man endeavored to give her a few flowers, but so keen was the watchfulness of her attendants that all she could grasp was a little twig with green leaves.

On reaching her room she put the twig in water, and toward evening she drank the water in which the twig had been kept. So agreeable was the taste that she even ate the leaves and stalks. Every day afterward she had bunches of the tea tree brought to her, which she treated in the same way.

Imitation being the sincerest form of flattery, the ladies of the court tried the experiment and with such pleasing results that the custom spread throughout the kingdom—and the great Chinese tea industry became one of the greatest businesses in the world.—London Tit-Bits.

PAINT THE SCREW HOLES.

Then You Can Use Them Over and Over Again Without Trouble.

Many persons experience considerable difficulty in getting screws to hold in screen doors and other movable conveniences which are put up and taken down frequently and which are held in place by screws. The holes occupied by the screws become worn, and the screws are often quite loose, causing doors to sag and be otherwise out of proper order.

Bits of paper, strings and small pieces of wood are used to partially fill up the holes so as to cause the screws to be tight, but these work out and cause great annoyance, and a better method is greatly desired.

A coat of paint on the inside of the screw holes is the most satisfactory remedy for such an annoyance.

When screws are removed paint the holes with a small pencil brush or a bit of cloth twisted and dipped in the paint. When the paint fills the creases made by the threads on the screw and thoroughly dries the screw will fit tightly the next time it is thrust into the cavity. The painting should be done each time the screws are removed, and it will protect the wood as well as make the holes ready for the readjustment of the door or other object which has to be changed quite often.—Philadelphia North American.

A Quaint Old Clipping.

From an old scrapbook, under the date of Oct. 25, 1701, is the following:

A young Fellow, of the City of Bristol, being in London lately, was, out of Curiosity, led to see the Lunatics at Bedlam. His first Approach was to the Cell of a poor Man, to whom he addressed himself thus—"So ho! what brings thee here?" The miserable Object remaining silent, he repeated his Question, and was answered only by a Languishing Look, which so enraged the Visitant, that he immediately spit in the Man's Face through the Grate. This caused the Lunatic gently to wipe his Face wit a Whisp of Straw, and raising his drooping Head, he made this calm, sage and sensible Reply—"I am here, Sir, because God deprived me of that Blessing which you never enjoyed."

He Loved Nature.

Ruskin's injunction to his servants, "Call me from my study whenever there is a beautiful sunset or any unusual appearance in the sky or landscape."

LONG BASEBALL GAMES.

One That Ran For Thirty Innings With a 4 to 1 Score.

The longest major league game was played on Sept. 1, 1906, between the Boston and Philadelphia American league clubs in Boston, when the Athletics won by a score of 4 to 1 in twenty-four innings. Jack Coombs, then a recruit from Colby college, and "Jumbo" Harris, a young pitcher from the New England league, were the respective boxmen used by the Philadelphia and Boston teams. The game lasted four hours and forty-seven minutes.

The previous longest games in the National league were played at Cincinnati on June 30, 1892, and at Philadelphia on Aug. 24, 1905. Both ran twenty innings. The game at Cincinnati was between the Reds and Cubs and resulted in a tie score of 7 to 7. At Philadelphia the Cubs defeated the Quakers by a score of 2 to 1.

On May 31, 1909, the longest professional game on record was played between the Bloomington and Decatur teams of the Illinois-Iowa-Indiana league, Decatur winning in the twenty-sixth inning by a score of 2 to 1. Fargo and Grand Forks engaged in a contest which lasted twenty-five innings at Devils Lake, N. D., in 1895. Later Hartford and New Haven, in the Eastern association, played twenty-three innings, the former winning 2 to 1. Geist, for the winning team, and Janson, for New Haven, pitched the entire contest.

Amateurs are credited with playing the longest game, the East End All-Stars and the Brooklyn Athletic club teams of Cleveland contesting for thirty innings on July 4, 1907, the latter winning 4 to 1.—Ed A. Goewey in Leslie's.

THE WORLD'S GREAT BANKS.

Only Sixty-one Have Deposits Over a Hundred Million Dollars.

For years the mere name of the Bank of England has been a synonym for financial strength and greatness. In a list of the great banks of the world the Bank of England is sixth. There are three banks in England with a greater line of deposits. The greater banks are London City and Midland, Lloyd's bank and London County and Westminster. London City and Lloyd's each has deposits above $500,000,000. The London County has deposits of $440,000,000. The great Bank of England has a little more than $350,000,000.

The leading bank of the world, from the standpoint of deposits, is the Imperial Bank of Russia, with deposits and current accounts aggregating $930,000,000, a sum big enough to stagger the mind.

The National Bank of Argentine and the National City bank of New York are sixteen and seventeen in rank, with deposits close to $230,000,000 each. The Bank of Spain is greater than the Bank of France, much greater in deposits. But Spain cuts no figure in the finances of the world. That is hard to explain. In this world list there are only sixty-one banks mentioned with deposits in excess of $100,000,000. In this list the United States has eight banks, a good showing, as none of them depends on the deposits of the United States to help it out.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

In Doubt.

The Blanks' maid of all work was a practical young woman of about twenty-seven years. One day when her mistress was making some plans for the future the matter of fact Serelda said:

"I don't know, ma'am. It might be that I won't be with you much longer, an' then mebbe I will. I ain't sure yet."

Knowing that a young man had called a good many times to see Serelda, her mistress said:

"Are you thinking of getting married, Serelda?"

Without the least show of embarrassment or enthusiasm Serelda said:

"Well, yes, to tell the truth, I am. Then again I don't know if I will. I've got a good place here with good pay, and he's such a fool, mebbe I'll stay on with you!"—New York Post.

Complimentary.

Gebhard von Blucher, the famous Prussian general field marshal, had as surgeon major of his army a man who was very homely, but extremely proud and vain.

One day, says Novellen-Schatz, Blucher entered the surgeon's tent and found him standing before a looking glass, arranging his toilet and admiring himself genetally. "Doctor," said Blucher, laughing, "I suppose that you are the luckiest man in the world."

"How's that, sir, may I ask?"

"Why, here you are quite in love with yourself, and you haven't a single rival!"

A Blanket Injunction.

"Say, you're a lawyer. Can you tell me how to get out a blanket injunction?"

"A blanket injunction?"

"Yes. My wife will insist on buying cheap ones at bargain sales."—Baltimore American.

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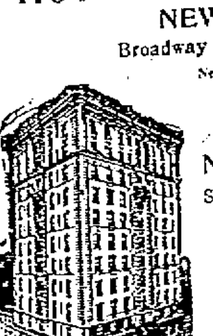

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Children Cry for Fletcher's

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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The Burroughs Statement Machine prints Months, Dates, "Dr.," "Cr.," "Bal., makes carbon copies, etc.

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It insures accuracy in every statement and *sends them out on time.*

When your Statements are out it can be used the balance of the month on *all* your figure work—making complete, accurate records possible.

No cost or obligation to try it out in your own office or store, on your own work.

Burroughs Adding Machine Co.

FRED FAVOR, Sales Manager,

17 Custom House St., Providence, R. I.

Mendelssohn Surprised Them.

The church of St. John's, Waterloo road, has an interesting association with Mendelssohn. The late R. J. Horsley, R. A., tells in his reminiscences how the great musician, while staying with a friend on Denmark hill—in the house where he wrote the "Spring Song"—was induced to go to St. John's one Sunday morning and give a recital on the organ. On reaching the organ loft Mendelssohn was annoyed to find himself exposed to the full view of the congregation and vented his displeasure in a thunderous improvisation which greatly startled the worshipers, used as they were to the "subdued" music then in vogue. Not being in the secret, they were still further surprised when the music ceased and the eccentric performer sprang up, clapped on his hat and abruptly left the building.—Westminster Gazette.

Treaties.

A treaty is a form of disagreement between two countries reduced to language which enables each of them to crawl out of it. It belongs in the same family as the insurance policy except that no one can understand an insurance policy, whereas a treaty reads as though it were perfectly plain until something happens that makes one of the parties to it wish to get out of it. Treaties are used for various purposes—to promote typewriting agencies, lawyers, diplomats and to furnish material for editorial writers to convey the impression that they know something of what they are writing about. The principal use of treaties, however, is to bring on wars.—Life.

Contrariwise.

Mrs. Beat—Tell the gentleman I'm not receiving today, Nora. New Maid—But he ain't deliverin', mum; he's collectin'!—Puck.

MAYOR OF BIRD LAND.

How the Beautiful Lizard Canary Got Its Unique Name.

The lizard canary is one of the most unique varieties in the cage bird world. Its beautiful ground color, so nicely ticked, and pretty little "cap" make it a thing of beauty and a joy forever. It is, however, the only variety that moults out its plumage at the end of the first season. By this it is meant that, although the bird possesses so beautiful a coat for the first year, the plumage disappears altogether at the second moult.

Thus it is a show bird for only one—i. e., the first—season, and this is considered a drawback to its popularity. On account of its wearing such gay apparel for one year and then putting it aside the lizard has been aptly termed "mayor of Birdie Land."

The little story connected with the lizard and a mayor is well worth repeating. It was at a well known cage bird show being opened by Sir William Treloar, then lord mayor of London, that this celebrity in a few well chosen words likened himself unto the lizard canary, many grand specimens of which were on view at the show. The stately robes he then wore were only for a season. Such is the case with the lizard.—Boston Herald.

Poor Papa!

"I am not at all certain," said the father, "that my daughter loves you sufficiently to warrant me in intrusting her to your keeping for life."

"Well," replied the young man, "perhaps you haven't had the same advantages for observing things that I have."

Not Deceived.

"Never in my life have I deceived my wife."

"Same here. Mine only pretends to believe the yarns I tell."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Diastasic Extract of Malt.

This preparation represents the best and most nutritious form of MALT, containing a large percentage of diastase and extractive matter together with a minimum amount of alcohol. It is especially adapted to promote digestion of starchy food converting it into dextrine and glucose, in which form it is easily assimilated, forming fat.

It will be found invaluable in Weakness, Chronic Debility, Dyspepsia (due to organic disease or infirmity), Nervous Exhaustion, Anaemia, Malnutrition, etc.

To Nursing Mothers it wonderfully increases strength, aiding lactation, and supplying sugar and phosphates to the milk, whereby the infant is nourished.

In sleeplessness it causes quiet and natural sleep.

DIRECTIONS—A wineglassful with each meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the Physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste. Children in proportion to age.

Sold by D. W. SHEEHAN,
18 and 20 Kinsley's Wharf,
Newport, R. I.

Price of Coke

From June 15, 1908.

Prepared, delivered,

36 bushels	$4.50
18 bushels,	$2.25

Common, delivered,

36 bushels,	$3.50
18 bushels,	$1.75

Price at works,

Prepared, 11c. a bushel, $10 for 100 bushel

Common, 9c. a bushel, $8 for 100 bushel.

Orders left at the Gas Office, 181 Thames street, or at Gas Works, will be filled promptly.

Established by Franklin in 1758.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, October 3, 1914.

Sunday October 4th by proclamation of the President, is to be a day for prayer for peace in all the churches throughout the land irrespective of denomination.

It is said that there is to be a new three million dollar hotel erected in Boston. It is to be on or near the site of the Boston Theatre. This will be, it is said, the largest hotel in New England. The site is to cost two millions and the building $1,500,000.

The site of the residence of Frederick Vanderbilt, at Fifth avenue and 40th street, New York, is to be taken for the location of a large building to be built as a department store by Arnold, Constable & Co. This will be one of the largest stores of its kind in the country.

Twenty million dollars' worth of exports left the port of New York last week. This is the largest export ever known for that period, and is we hope the forerunner of better times. It certainly would be if we had an administration at Washington capable of grasping the situation and taking advantage of the condition of things both at home and abroad.

A few of the big automobile manufacturers report that the past year's business has surpassed all previous records. That probably accounts for some of the dullness that has existed in nearly every other branch of business. People spend their money and mortgage their houses to buy automobiles, which takes just so much money from other things more important.

The President's slogan is "buy a bale of cotton" to help the poor Southern planter. Why not "buy a bushel of wheat" to help the Western grower, or a bushel of apples to help the New England farmer, or a box of shoes to help the Eastern manufacturer? We hear nothing of United States aid to any one but the Southern planter. How do our Northern Democratic farmers or manufacturers like that? But then there are not many Northern Democratic farmers and manufacturers and Wilson knows it.

People like to be humbugged. That is what P. T. Barnum said, and that is the principle the Wilson Administration seems to be working on. The tariff has been reduced and manufacturing in this country has been checked because we could not compete with the pauper labor of Europe. Now the great European war has cut off the foreign supply. As a consequence prices to the consumer have gone up and now comes a war tax on the consumer himself to make up the loss of duties largely owing to the tariff reduction. But Wilson & Co. say no, the war did it. This statement is too bare-faced to be believed even by babes.

"John Wanamaker says he can foresee end of depression. Optimism, he says, is the great need in the United States today."

It requires a pretty brave man to be optimistic under the existing conditions. With a Democratic Administration doing all in its power to destroy business in the North, with a free trade tariff that has broken down our industries and compelled us to depend on foreign nations for much that could have been supplied at home, with that foreign supply now cut off and our manufacturing and other industries compelled to suffer for lack of material, pray tell us what there is to be optimistic over? There must be a radical change in the policy of this government before any great business prosperity will appear. Such a change is impossible to expect under this Administration.

One of the greatest farces ever perpetrated on a much harassed northern people is this buy a "bale of cotton" movement. The whole legislation of this administration has been to lower prices of everything manufactured, or raised or produced in any way in the north. Prosecutions have been begun without number against innocent parties and individuals, accusing them of "combinations in restraint of trade." This thing has been carried on to such an extent that people are uncertain about any enterprise for fear that they may be innocently conspiring against some administration law to keep prices up. Now comes the cotton business of the South. The sale of raw cotton has been retarded by the European war, and the planters are hit. But no worse than the manufacturers of the North have been hit. What is the result? The cry has gone up all over the land, headed by the President, "buy a bale of cotton" to help the poor planter. What is more the buyer is compelled to sign a certificate pledging himself not to sell that cotton under such a price—some cents a pound higher than it is now. A more flagrant case of "combination in restraint of trade" was never heard of, and President Wilson, the great "trust buster" of the age, is the foremost leader in this combination. It is very apparent that there are two standards of business integrity, one for the President's friends in the South and one exactly opposite for the other side in the North.

Cotton and Consistency.

(Boston Truth.)

A newspaper dispatch from Washington dated September 14 says: "Senators and Representatives of the cotton growing states tonight voted to recommend state legislation to curtail the production of cotton next year to avert a surplus on the heels of a falling market this year due to the European war."

If the steel producers of the North should get together to avoid an overproduction of steel, or if the mills of New England should get together to limit their output, or if the men should decide to conspire against the laws of the land and society and limit their output, or if the railroads should conspire to prevent the building of three railroads where one could do the business, prison penalties would be demanded for the conspirators at once.

It is doubtful if there has ever been a time in the history of the country where there has been less reward for industry and effort and greater obstacles placed in the way of those who are unfortunate enough to posses those qualities. The taxes must be paid by the industrious, while the sluggard pays nothing. A man must pay extra taxes for working extra hard, or extra long, or using extra sense and care. For such men there is the graduated income tax with increased tax for increased effort. The tramp pays no tax whatever and boards free from those who work hard enough to produce his food, and at other times he boards free at the county jails, while the taxpayers who work hard enough to acquire property pay the bill.

Was there ever a time when we had more laws to keep people from working and embarrass them at work than now? Was there ever a time when we had fewer laws to make people work and give them employment than now? Was there ever a time when the men who are capable of doing something and have proved it by years or successful effort were so under the domination of those who never did anything but fail?

The old algebras taught us that a plus and minus sign made a minus sign, or a positive and a negative made a negative. The average farmer knows that a balking horse and a good horse will not do the work of two good horses, but the work will be limited by the balker. Every sensible man knows that the output of wisdom and folly will be measured almost entirely by the folly. Yet we are today putting brains in the traces of business, placing the failures on the driver's seat and grumbling because the load of business is stuck in the mud.

Isn't it time to have the learned lawmakers explain how it can be right to limit the production of cotton and wrong to limit the production of oil, or steel, or factories? Inconsistency and hypocrisy seem evident somewhere. Certainly it does seem as if the billions of invested capital and millions of dependent workers in Northern factories are in a serious strait if they are to be the victims of law, above, below and on both sides. But then to many of our learned politicians all is right so long as "their own ox be not gored."

The Mexican Fizzle.

(Hartford Courant.)

It is hard to be patient with the optimism that puts a halo around the head of the Democratic President and decides that whatever he does is and must be right because he does it. Already this administration has made so many blunders that, if it were Republican and similarly loaded down, its chances would be all gone for a continuance in power. The critical public, which used to be on the watch to find the Republican party wrong, is now just as hard at work looking for cases where the Democratic party may be right. Consciously or unconsciously, the country has set up two standards for the two parties. We doubt if an intelligent public will maintain this attitude to the end.

Take the Mexican mix-up. Every American industry down there is dead or half-dead, and every American who pleaded at the White House for American interests in Mexico was shown the door. This administration has let our whole vast volume of business go. That might have been excused, if our policy had been to stand aside and let the most successful cutthroat do up his rivals. But, instead, we butted in, opened war in the guise of peace, captured a city and pocketed the customs revenues of the country, finally, or rather far from finally, announced with benedictions and congratulations that peace had been established and our troops would be withdrawn.

Close on that announcement comes the declaration of Villa against Carranza. Villa was originally a scoundrel. When he coquetted with Wilson he acquired a halo, which, however, it seems safe to assume has now faded and he has become a rascal again. Villa is on the warpath and we doubt if our troops come home in spite of up-to-date promises. It is to be regretted that the weak and impossible program of the administration has failed, but no other outcome could reasonably have been expected. "The Courant" is not elated that its predictions have been verified; it regrets that we are in wrong as much as any one can. But it still fails to see how the course that has been pursued can find serious defenders. And poor Mexico, a settlement of her troubles has been just so long deferred!

The War of the Rebellion revolutionized the navies of the world. Wooden ships went out and iron came in. These iron monsters have been growing larger ever since. Now the little torpedo has sunk many of these leviathans of the deep, belonging to both the English and German nations, some of them going down in a few minutes with all on board. It looks as though this European war might again revolutionize the method of fighting on the water.

It is rumored in New York that Charles M. Schwab who has a high influence with the European war departments has secured a large contract from the French and Russian governments to buy [illegible] motor trucks, horseshoes and other war supplies aggregating between $[illegible] and $15,000,000.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26—"With the industries of the country largely paralyzed and labor out of work, it is no time to impose additional taxes, and taxes, too, which are entirely unnecessary," declared James R. Mann, Republican Minority Leader of the House of Representatives, in a statement today.

Congressman Mann's statement is regarded as an important utterance in view of the fight the Republican Minority is making in both House and Senate to prevent the Democratic Majority from imposing a so-called "war" tax on the people in addition to their other burdens of taxation, at a time when this country is at peace with all the world.

"There is no need to put new taxes on the people at this time," Mr. Mann asserts. "While there may be a slight falling off in customs receipts during the European war, that can easily be more than met by proper governmental economy. The war in Europe may be over soon and the treasury can meet the expenses of the government without difficulty for a long time to come if it draws on the government money now deposited in the banks. Much of the money already appropriated need not be used for the present if the President will direct the departments to practice economy. There are many things which can wait over. Temporary delay in many cases will be no injury.

"For the seven months of this year ending with July 31, before the war began, our imports from foreign countries were 122 million dollars more than they were for the same period last year, while our exports were 126 million less. That is caused by the Underwood tariff. The balance of trade in our favor for these seven months in this year was 60 million dollars. For the same seven months last year, the balance of trade in our favor was 308 million dollars. This shows a falling off in the balance of trade in our favor in seven months before the war commenced of 248 million dollars. That is equivalent to a demand on us of 248 million dollars in gold. That is one of the main troubles with the country now and is the result of the new tariff law.

"If we were manufacturing the goods we use, instead of importing them, we would have prosperity, and if we had a sufficiently high import duty on the goods we bring in from abroad, we would have sufficient revenue without question. What we need now is economy and not new taxes. What we have under the Democratic administration is extravagance and additional taxation."

A Successful Play.

William Hodge has scored a new "Man From Home" hit at the Wilbur Theatre, Boston, where his latest big play success, "The Road to Happiness" is now in its fourth week. Large and enthusiastic audiences are being nightly delighted with the droll originality and native humor of his character of Jim Whitman in this "cheerful comedy of optimism." All the Boston critics are unanimous in their praise of his unique interpretation of this part. Philip Hale, of the Herald, declares "The audience was greatly amused by Mr. Hodge and whatever he said excited laughter,—laughter of the hair-trigger kind." The Traveler says: "Mr. Hodge had but to lift an eyebrow last evening and a roar swept from the front row to the gallery." E. H. Crosby, of the Post, declares "Hodge has in Jim Whitman a type of character which he loves and the audience enjoys." C. S. Howard, of the Globe, remarks: "Hodge has a thoroughly congenial role. There was much laughter and frequent applause." He further states: that "the story of the play of 'The Road to Happiness' possesses the elements of appealing human interest," and testifies that "the scenes are staged with charming suggestion of realism."

E. F. Harkins, of the Journal, rhapsodises in the following words: "William Hodge is as thoroughly American as the baseball or the circus. He has taken the place of James A. Herne and of Denman Thompson behind the footlights." He also praises the piece as being "American through and through, like 'Shore Acres,' and 'The Old Homestead.'" He says that Hodge's cool drawl and dry humor keep the temperature down on one side of the footlights and the laughter on the other." Frederick Johns, of the American, writes: "Hodge delighted a most enthusiastic audience." The Record reports that "a constant crackle of repartee and the quaint and quizzical drollness of the star tickle the risibilities irresistibly." The Transcript says: "Nobody can do this style of humor as well as Mr. Hodge." The meaning of the title, "The Road to Happiness," appears to be that courage—meaning confidence in truth—is the qualities of character that leads to the real happiness in life.

A Concession from the White House.

Leader Underwood, under pressure for an intimation of the further "war programme" of the Administration, the other day, cou'd only tell the House that "the question of whether the shipping bill will come up, or not, is undecided." It is now decided—to the great relief of members who want to go home, and of a wearied country that wants them too.

White House presistence, which has become proverbial, is thus not altogether unyielding. The vote against tackling at this time Mr. Wilson's project for expending thirty million dollars on a Government-owned merchant marine, would probably have been five hundred—under the Capitol dome—to one, in the White House. Ordinarily this apparently overwhelming majority would have been of no force and effect. Orders from the White House usually "go." But, in this instance, Mr. Wilson shows that he can be merciful as well as just—just obstinate.

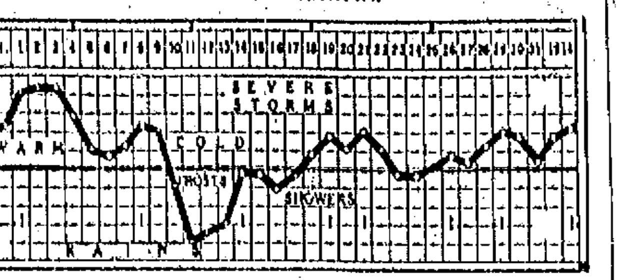
The schoolmaster announces that the pupils can take a recess, and consider the shipping bill after the November elections.

This from the Providence Journal, which up to a very recent date has considered Woodrow Wilson a little below the Deity itself! How are the mighty fallen?

The gilded youth is too frequently a gold brick.

Johnny—Papa, what is a "philosopher?" Pa—A man with a good liver, heart, stomach and bank account!—Chicago News.

WEATHER BULLETIN.



This month will average warmer than usual. A great fall in temperatures will occur October 2 to 12 resulting in a cold wave and killing frosts further south than usual. Principal rains October 3 to 12. Storm waves moving eastward will reach meridian 90 deg. near 1, 8, 19, 20, 26, 29 and November 2. Dangerous storms 13 to 20. About normal precipitation on Pacific slope, southern states and eastern sections, decreasing toward the northwest, east of Rockies.

Treble line represents normal temperatures. Where the temperature line goes above this normal line indicates warmer and where it goes below indicates cooler than usual. Temperature line dates are for Meridian 90. Count one to three days earlier for west of that line and as much later for east of it in proportion to the distance from that line which runs north and south through St. Louis.

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Washington, D. C., Oct. 1, 1914.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbances to cross continent Sept. 30 to Oct. 4, and Oct. 6 to 10, warm waves Sept. 29 to Oct. 3 and Oct. 5 to 9, cool waves Oct. 2 to 6 and 8 to 12. The period covered by these weather features will average warmer than usual, storms will not be of great force, more than usual rain and a great fall in temperatures from near Oct. 3 to near Oct. 11. Most rain for first ten days of October will fall in northeastern sections. Heavy rains will continue first half of October over the European war fields. Rains will not be heavy but sufficient for crop purposes on north Pacific slope and in the Spring wheat sections of great central valleys. More than usual rain in Mexico first half of October.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Oct. 11, cross Pacific slope by close of 12, great central valleys 13 to 15, eastern sections 16. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Oct. 11, great central valleys 13, eastern sections 15. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Oct. 14, great central valleys 16, eastern sections 18. All west of the ridge of the Rockies is Pacific slope; all east of the ridge of Alleganies and their extension north from Buffalo, are called eastern sections; all between these two lines are designated great central valleys.

Temperatures of this disturbance will average lower than usual, not so much rain as with previous storm wave, killing frosts at least as far south as the average of the season, force of the storms greater than in two previous storm waves and increasing all the time. Look out for severe gales on the great lakes and near Atlantic coasts Oct. 14 to 18.

This disturbance is expected to develop a tropical disturbance of more than usual force. It will probably organize east of the Windward Islands about north of latitude 30, between Oct. 13 and 20. After these dangerous storms come into sight the U. S. Weather Bureau is well equipped for reporting their force and location. We advise all to be on the alert for dangerous storms on the continent and the oceans from Oct. 13 to 21. Our warnings of dangerous storms Sept. 13 to 20 were well put. Many lives were lost and much property destroyed in northwest sections and near Pacific coast.

October is an important cropweather month for South America, about same as our April. Heavy rains will fall west of Andes, not much east of the Andes. Their soil is already wet and a dry Oct. will give good opportunity for planting and sowing. Their excessive rains of past five months are strong evidences tending to prove that we can make good cropweather forecasts for that country.

The indications are now that a great drouth will cover the South American agricultural sections east of the Andes throughout most of their wheat crop season while excessive rains will cover the Pacific slope from northern Mexico to southern Chile. Our farmers need not fear competition from South American wheat during the year 1915; that country will be afflicted by a disastrous drouth.

By November 25 they will be in the midst of their harvest and near that date floods of rain will fall east of the Andes and severe storms will sweep over Argentina and Brazil. We regret that coming conditions compel us to make this announcement but the Public is entitled to the facts.

EMPIRE STATE'S PRIMARY VOTE

Shows Sulzer to Have Been Beaten by Davenport

GLYNN CHOSEN BY DEMOCRATS

Whitman Has Substantial Plurality as Republican Candidate For Governor —Wadsworth and Gerard Lead in Senatorial Fight—Hennessy May Run Independently For Governor

With the receipt of most of the upstate New York vote and virtually all of the New York city returns, it appears that James W. Wadsworth, Jr., has won the Republican nomination for United States senator over William M. Calder, and Frank M. Davenport has defeated William Sulzer for the Progressive gubernatorial nomination.

Governor Glynn, District Attorney Whitman and Ambassador Gerard continue to add to their pluralities up-state for the Democratic gubernatorial, Republican gubernatorial and Democratic senatorial nominations, respectively.

With a majority of almost 100,000 already established over John A. Hennessy, it appears that the governor will finish probably 125,000 votes ahead of his opponent. Whitman's plurality probably will be between 50,000 and 75,000. It is believed that Gerard's plurality will exceed 75,000.

A persistent report is current that Hennessy will make an independent race for governor, despite his defeat by Glynn. Hennessy has not committed himself on this rumor, but his friends declared that it is not unlikely he will follow this course. By filing a petition containing the names of 6000 men who did not vote in Monday's primary before Oct. 15, Hennessy can get his name on the ballot.

Both Sulzer and Calder still are hopeful that they may nose out their opponents in the end.

DRY TIMES IN KENTUCKY

Only Fourteen of Hundred and Twenty Counties Vote For License

Only fourteen of the 120 counties of Kentucky are in the "wet" column as the result of the local option election, in which nine more went "dry."

Counties voting to abolish the saloon were Carroll, Montgomery, Mason, Bell, Boone, Clark, Shelby, Bourbon and Scott. Three counties, Davies, McCracken and Christian, voted to retain bars.

Postmaster Short $20,000

Francisco Lopez, postmaster at Arasco, P. R., for nine years, is under arrest charged with a shortage of about $[illegible] in his money order accounts. He succeeded a postmaster who robbed the mails.

Life Term For Wife Slayer

In court at [illegible], Mass., Joseph W. [illegible] of [illegible] was found not guilty by reason of insanity of the murder of his wife. He was sent to the state hospital at Bridgewater for the rest of his life.

The President declared that a low Tariff, stimulating foreign imports, would sharpen the wits of American manufacturers and producers and by means of those sharpened wits they would be able to meet the cheap labor competition of Europe and Asia. Their wits are surely being sharpened on the grindstone of adversity, but while that process is going on a million employes are standing by watching the interesting experiment.—Webster (S. D.) World.

WEEKLY ALMANAC, OCTOBER 1914

STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High Morn	Water Eve
3 Sat	5 34	5 23	5 02	6 45	7 12
4 Sun	5 41	5 26	rises	7 26	7 49
5 Mon	5 43	5 22	5 59	8 01	8 28
6 Tues	5 46	5 20	6 13	8 54	9 05
7 Wed	5 47	5 18	6 32	9 15	9 55
8 Thur	5 48	5 17	7 07	9 59	10 18
9 Fri	5 51	5 15	7 50	10 52	11 00

Full Moon, Oct. 4 — 12.55m, Morning
Moon's last qr. Oct. 12 — 4.57m, Morning
New Moon Oct. 18 — 1.31m, Morning
Moon's 1st qr. Oct. 25 — 5.41m, Evening

Marriages.

In Jamestown, 28th ult., by Rev. Charles Davis Burrows, Lieut. David Edward Cain, U. S. A., to Grace Ely of New York City.

In New York, N. Y., 29th ult., at the Church of the Transfiguration, Georgia Dvorak and William Cotton.

Deaths.

In this city, 28th ult., in her 85th year, Sarah Elizabeth Norman, widow of John Spooner, and daughter of the late Rachel Peckham and Richard Cornell Norman.

In this city, 28th ult., at the Newport Hospital, Benjamin Johnson.

In this city, 28th ult., Mary, widow of Collins S. Burrell, aged 75 years.

In this city, 30th ult., Louise, widow of Carl Jurgens, aged 63 years.

In this city, 30th ult., Jeremiah O'Connor.

In this city, 1st inst., Elizabeth Agnes, wife of Philip F. Harrington.

In Savannah, Ga., 27th ult., James C. Keller, formerly of this city.

In Tiverton, 28th ult., Adoniram Jennings, in his 84th year.

In Wickford, Sept. 28, Susan E., wife of W. Frank Dawley, in her 58th year.

In Reading, Mass., 25th ult., Mae F. Vanicek, wife of V. A. Vanicek, of this city.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding tenements, houses furnished and unfurnished, and farms or sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

122 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1851. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown for Summer Villas and Country places.

ASK ANY HORSE
Eureka Harness Oil
Mica Axle Grease
Sold by dealers everywhere
Standard Oil Co. of New York

PEACE PACT WITH RUSSIA

Twenty-Seventh of Important Series Signed at Washington

Secretary Bryan, for the United States, and Ambassador Bakhmeteff, for Russia, signed a treaty binding the two nations to submit all disputes that cannot be settled diplomatically to an international commission of five members for investigation during a period of at least one year, during which hostilities may not be commenced.

This is the twenty-seventh of the so-called investigations treaties and follows in a general way the lines of those previously negotiated with nations all over the world.

AMERICAN CRUISER NEAR

Uncle Sam Takes No Chances as Turkish Treaty Expires

With abrogation of all Turkish treaties the admission of Secretary of the Navy Daniels that the United States cruiser Tennessee has been ordered to the Mediterranean took on a new significance.

The cruiser North Carolina is within twelve hours sailing of Turkish waters and it is expected that these two warships will be sufficient to guard Americans and their property in Turkey in the event of an anti-foreign outbreak.

"FIRST CHIEF" WILL RETIRE

Prediction of Speedy Peace Between Villa and Carranza

Mexican constitutionalists at Washington have information upon which they base belief that the Villa-Carranza split will be mended within forty-eight hours.

Retirement of Carranza as first chief and also as a potential candidate for president—a complete capitulation to Villa's demands—will be the solution, it is understood.

"There will be no war," said one member high in constitutionalist circles.

MURDERER IS PARDONED

Has Served Thirty-Two Years In Maine State Prison

An unconditional pardon was granted by the governor and council of Maine to Charles W. O. Smith who has served thirty-two years of a life sentence for murder.

Smith killed his mother-in-law, Mrs. Robbins, and his young son after shooting but not fatally wounding his wife at their home in Warren. His wife had told him she intended to leave him.

New Industrial Study

The Rockefeller Institute has decided to make a far-reaching investigation of the industrial condition in this country and that it had retained the services of W. L. M. King, former minister of labor in Canada, as director of the investigation.

More Banks on Blacklist

Treasury department officials completed a second "blacklist" of banks accused of "hoarding" reserves and charging excessive interest rates.

GENERAL NEWS EVENTS

The King Edward memorial monument, built at a cost of $60,000, was unveiled at Montreal.

A rush order for 110,000 barrels of flour was placed with a St. Louis milling company by representatives of one of the warring European nations, the identity of which was not disclosed.

Deputy Sheriff William James was fatally stabbed at Mineville, N. Y., while attempting to arrest Tony Gugac.

Five persons were killed in a terrific explosion that wrecked the two-story plant of the Paine Fireworks Display company at Chicago.

Charles Wolf of Jersey City, N. J., was chosen supreme commander of the Shepherds of Bethlehem at their supreme council.

Clarence D. Baxter of Paterson, N. J., has been selected by President Wilson for collector of customs of the Dominican republic.

Sir Charles Johnston was elected lord mayor of London, succeeding Sir Thomas V. Bowater.

Dr. Solon Marks, 87, one of the most famous surgeons of the Civil war, died at Milwaukee.

Frank O. White was appointed trustee for the Boston Cold Storage and Terminal company, recently petitioned into bankruptcy by creditors.

John Hannaway, 7, died at Lynn, Mass., as the result of being run over by a freight car.

INDORSES WILSON

New Hampshire Democratic Platform Covers Many Subjects

At the New Hampshire Democratic state convention, held at Concord, speeches were made by the principal candidates nominated at the recent primary.

The platform endorsed the administration of Woodrow Wilson and pledged to him "our unwavering trust and devotion."

Fulfilment of platform pledges in nation and state was dwelt on at length in contrast with alleged Republican failures in that respect.

The platform declares for a single-headed state highway system; a factory inspection law; a weekly payment law; fifty-four-hour law; the initiative and referendum; liberal appropriations for fish and game schools, and the department of agriculture; and for "genuine local option."

The platform said the railroads should be allowed necessary and reasonable revenue, "but no consideration should be given abnormal operating expenses and improvident bargains and contracts."

THOUSANDS FALL BEFORE FRENCH GUNS

Germans Vainly Strive to Smash Fortified Positions

COUNTLESS CLASHES AT BATTLE OF THE AISNE

Minor Conflicts Which Would Be Called Great Battles In Any Other Great War Are Now Unreported—Allies Believed to Be Succeeding In Flanking Von Kluck and Von Boehm—Hotly Contested Battle at Roye Won by Defenders—French Sweep All Opposition Before Them on German Left—Antwerp Continues to Hold Out Despite Fierce Bombardment by Germans

Despite the continued caution of the French official reports, it is clearly evident that the great turning movement of the allies is steadily forcing the German right wing toward the Belgian boundary.

Only once Thursday, so far as can be learned, did the invaders alter their plan to remain under shelter in their subterranean cities. In the neighborhood of Roye, covered by a heavy artillery fire, the Germans scrambled out of their trenches and dashed at the lines of the allies. They were beaten back, but returned and again and again they strove in vain to smash a way through the fortified positions of the British and French.

Just as at Tracy-le-Mont, the assault was plainly an effort of the invaders to try to find out if the allies had stretched out their flanking movement too far and had weakened their extensive front. The attack, similar to previous encounters, took place in the devastated countryside that corresponds roughly with the human elbow—where the lines of the hostile forces extending to the north and to the east met in a sharp angle.

Germans Fall by Thousands

The battle of Roye was probably fought on the fertile plateau known locally as the Sancerre, one of the most famous grain bearing regions of France. Never has there been such reaping on the Sancerre as that of Thursday, when Germans by thousands fell like mown wheat as the deadly French artillery swept the plain.

Farther toward the north, as the allies reached out toward the Belgian frontier in their stupendous effort to turn the German flank, there were countless clashes. But this battle of the Aisne is upon such a tremendous scale that thousands of men are falling daily on uncelebrated fields of battle. In almost any other great war these minor conflicts would have been hailed as great battles, but today they are unreported.

One reason for the lack of knowledge is of course the unwillingness of the censors to pass descriptions of fighting until they are many days old. For this reason it is impossible to know how far toward the north the turning movement of the allies has reached. Cavalry are probably riding by thousands near the Belgian frontier, and the infantry must be north of Cambrai.

Allies Are Succeeding

Everything continues to indicate that the British and French are succeeding in their, that they are flanking von Kluck and von Boehm just as they flanked von Kluck and von Buelow in the battle of the Marne. The official dispatches merely state that the situation is satisfactory and that in both the west and east progress is being made daily.

Each day makes it more difficult for the invaders to hold their lines of communication; each day sees a retirement so pronounced that it is impossible to doubt that a slow retreat is being carried on by a large force of Germans who are stubbornly holding their fortified trenches to allow their comrades treking north to reach their last line line of defense on Belgian soil.

From Berlin come optimistic wireless messages that seek to revive hope in the sorrowful non-combatants who remain in Germany. In the latest German statement the only place mentioned is Albert, where, it is said, the attacks of the allies were repulsed. Although this dispatch was not received in London until Thursday, it is believed that the clash at Albert must have been the one that occurred last Tuesday, when the invaders succeeded in wiping another town off the map.

Industrial Town Wiped Out

The little industrial town on the River Ancre, a place of pilgrimage on account of the celebrity of the Church of Notre Dame de Brebieres, was the scene of desperate battling which began last Saturday and which lasted until Tuesday night, when the flames from the burning town lit up the sky for miles around. When the last correspondent left the scene, a 3 o'clock that night, the tower of a church was standing out in black relief against the leaping red flames that were eating their way through the town, but there is little doubt that the tower must later have toppled into the black ruins about it.

French Advance Continues

On the German left, where the [illegible] of invasion was last week so [illegible], the French continue their [illegible], sweeping all opposition before them in the Woevre region. The Germans at Toul and Verdun, who were pounding in the early days of

GENERAL VON KLUCK

German Commander In Northern France, Who Is Hard Pushed by Allies.

© 1914, by American Press Association.

the war because they never caught sight of a German uniform, have been fighting hard enough for the past few days to bring content to the bitterest enemy of Germany. Every step that they advance brings them nearer to the coveted territory of Lorraine, which, with Alsace, every Frenchman expects to see rejoicing in the raising of the tricolor after the last shot of the war has been fired.

The French progress in the forest of Argonne, made in several new points, according to the official Paris statement, is steadily driving northward a wedge that threatens to separate the crown prince from the armies of the Duke of Wuertemberg and General von Einem.

The arrival of native troops from India, said to be 75,000 strong, has been officially admitted by the British press bureau. They reached Marseilles last Friday and some of them have probably been engaged already in fighting. In addition fresh regiments of British territorialists have also reached the front, including the renowned London Scottish.

Hard Fighting In Belgium

So far as can be judged from the dispatches, the fighting in Belgium is more intense at present than in any part of France except the district where von Kluck is desperately battling to maintain an orderly retirement. The bombardment of the outer forts at Antwerp, the temporary Belgian capital, continues practically without interruption, but thus far none of the Belgian strongholds have been reduced. The assault is most violent from the district between Termonde and Malines, and the invaders are said to have suffered heavy losses.

Antwerp is now the last refuge of the Belgian army and once more the heroic people of that suffering nation are asking if the British and French are coming to their assistance. The allies could not safely aid Belgium while Liege was being smashed and while the conquerers were parading into Brussels, but now they are on their way to rescue beleagnered Antwerp. If the Germans have not succeeded in getting their heavy howitzers in position, it is thought that relief will come to Antwerp before a surrender of the city can be compelled.

Military Necessity For Germans

Military experts in London declare that the possession of Antwerp is now an absolute necessity for the Germans. So long as they were able to hold their lines in France it made very little difference whether the Belgians retained the great seaport city or not. Now that the lines have been shortened and the Germans are going to be forced to hold Belgium not only against the Belgians, but also against the allied armies, the reduction of Antwerp becomes an absolute military necessity from the German point of view.

There are grave doubts whether Antwerp can withstand a general siege. Her fortifications are no stronger, so far as individual units are concerned, than were Liege and Namur. And they, with Maubeuge, fell before the shells of the great German 16.3 siege guns, the "Busy Berthas" of which the German general staff is so proud that every official of the Krupp factory has been awarded an iron cross.

APOLOGY BY AUSTRIA

Averts Immediate Danger of Italy's Entrance Into the War

It is officially announced that Austria has apologized to Italy for the presence of mines near the Italian coast in the Adriatic; has expressed its regrets for the sinking of Italian ships; has promised to remove the mines and to pay damages to victims of the mines.

This action of Austria is believed to have averted a crisis that would have led to war if Vienna had refused to heed Italy's protest.

Estimates of the indemnity that Italy expected to ask range from $750,000 to $1,000,000.

Charles H. Giggey, a painter, was electrocuted at Bangor, Me., by coming in contact with a feed wire.

An inquiry into the social causes of infant mortality is now being conducted in Manchester, N. H., by the childrens' bureau of the United States department of labor.

Alvin Kent of Orono, Me., 45, fell from a wagon loaded with wood and was killed.

GREATEST IN HISTORY

Battle of the Aisne Shown to Overshadow All Other Conflicts

The battle of the Aisne, which has been raging between the forces of the Germans and the allies for eighteen days, has taken its place as the greatest military struggle of all time, according to a compilation from United States war department records.

It is surpassed, to date, in duration of continuous fighting only by the battle of Mukden, in the Russo-Japanese war, which lasted twenty days. The battle of the Wilderness in the Civil war, which lasted for twenty-six days, also surpassed it in duration, so far, although the fighting in the former was intermittent.

In point of numbers engaged, extent of battle front and casualties, however, the battle of the Aisne overshadows all conflicts. It began on Sept. 14 and is still on. It is estimated that 3,000,000 men have been engaged. More than a week ago it was estimated that the losses on both sides totalled more than 160,000, and thousands have fallen since then.

TURKEY MUST KEEP OUT

Warned That Otherwise She Will Lose All Her Possessions

Turkey, the London Daily Telegraph says it understands, is about to make a demand concerning the station of certain British warships with which it will be impossible for Great Britain to comply and it is likely, therefore, to bring Turkey into the European war.

The Telegraph instances many indications of the Turkish policy, such as the Ottoman government's ambiguous conduct in relation to the German cruisers Goeben and Breslau, the invitation to German officers to go to Constantinople, the mobilization of Turkish troops in Syria and the closing of the Dardanelles, and adds:

"If Turkey chooses war, let her clearly understand that it will mean the end not merely of Turkey in Europe, but of Turkey in Asia, and that the allied powers will exact the fullest retribution.

A GENERAL SURVEY OF THE WAR IN EUROPE

The mammoth aeroplane America, with which Lieutenant Porte had expected to fly across the Atlantic, was shipped from New York to England aboard the steamer Mauretania, and, it is said, will be used by the British government for war service.

A dispatch from Stockholm says the Russian cruiser Oleg went aground on the coast of Finland and will be a complete loss. It is stated that her crew has been saved.

Germany has lost territory more than half the size of the empire's area in Europe since the war began by the capture of her colonies.

The German colonies now occupied partly or wholly by the allies are: Kaiser Wilhelm's land, area 70,000 square miles; Togoland, 33,700 square miles; Samoan islands, 1000 square miles; Kamerun, 191 square miles, and Bismarck archipelago, 20,000 square miles; a total of 131,891 square miles.

The European area of the German empire is 208,780 square miles. Colonies 3½ times this size are now being invaded, or shortly will be.

The British admiralty announces that the German cruiser Emden during the past few days has captured and sunk in the Indian ocean the British steamers Tumaric, King Lud, Riberia and Foyle, and captured the collier Bursk.

In the course of a speech addressed to 6000 people in the town of Bank, in the Transvaal, General Botha, premier of South Africa, emphasized the necessity of loyalty to the British empire.

General Joubert-Pienaar, the famous Boer fighter, has joined the British colors in France. He fought against General French in South Africa and is glad to fight with him in Europe. He predicts a long and fierce war.

A striking story of loyalty comes from Siberia, where there is a remarkable outpouring of reservists in response to the call to colors.

Germany is prepared to finance a long war. This assertion is made in a dispatch from Berlin which passed through the hands of the British censor at London. The war is costing Germany, it is stated, $5,000,000 a day.

The Philippines are feeling the effect of the war in an increasing shortage of meat and coal, owing to the demand of Great Britain and Japan that shipments must not be made to Manila without definite guarantees against reshipment.

Bomb dropping by German aircraft has created terror in France and Belgium. Paris was visited by an aeroplane that dropped one bomb near the American embassy. One man was killed and a girl crippled by the bomb. The aviator flew above the Eiffel tower, evidently taking that as his target, and threw a German flag down after one of the bombs.

Several Belgian cities were likewise favored with aerial callers, but although a number of bombs were dropped, only one fatally, the death of a man 82 years old, is reported.

SERBS OCCUPY SEMLIN

Austrians Unable to Resist Series of Desperate Bayonet Charges

It is officially announced at Nish that the Servians have reoccupied Semlin, on the north side of the Save river in Slavonia, from which they were driven a fortnight ago by an Austrian army.

The armies of the Servian crown prince are declared to have taken the Austrian fortifications in a series of desperate bayonet charges in which many Austrians were killed and wounded.

CZAR'S MILLION FRESH TROOPS

Preparing In Poland For the Invasion of Silesia

FOUR GREAT BATTLES ARE ON

Vienna Expects Fall of Tarnow, as Russians Far Outnumber Austrian Garrison—Claim That Russians Have Not Yet Scored "Distinct Victory"—Situation "Satisfactory"

A Vienna dispatch says that four gigantic battles and two fort bombardments, involving fully 6,000,000 men, are in progress in the eastern theatre of war. At no point has there been any decisive results and it will be several days before the fighting will reach a crisis.

General Rennenkampf, with 1,000,000 Russian first line troops, is endeavoring to resist the efforts of General von Hindenberg's army to cross the Nieman river between Druskoniki and Grodno. The fighting along this line is of the most severe character. Up to the present it has been impossible for the Germans to break through.

Another German army is engaged with 500,000 Russians in the big pine forest of Augustowo, which is twenty-four miles long and thirty-five miles broad, and is filled with small lakes and a canal that connects with Nieman and the Vistula. This German army was driven from the village of Augustowo and is now being used to protect von Hindenberg's flank and rear.

The great Russian central army, under the direct command of Grand Duke Nicholas, is made up of 1,000,000 fresh troops who have been mobilized in Russian Poland to move against the main German army, which has been feverishly fortifying the entire line of the Silesian frontier.

This force is reported in contact with the German advance guard, which has been pushed forward to protect the lines of communication to Cracow. This fight, now little more than a skirmish, is expected to develop into the greatest battle of the war in the east, as the German troops engaged are those which were withdrawn from the west to try to stop the Russian advance.

Meanwhile there are between 1,000,000 and 1,500,000 Russians in Galicia moving in two parallel lines. The northern column, which has enveloped Przemysl, has completed the investment of Tarnow, fifty miles east of Cracow. The fall of Tarnow is feared at Vienna, as the Russians far outnumber the Austrian garrison and there exists no good strategic reason for trying to hold the city, as the troops that would be needed there will be of far greater value in Cracow. The second Galician army, traversing the southern line and overflowing into the passes of the Carpathian mountains, captured Krosno after a desperate resistance, in which the Austrian garrison inflicted enormous losses on the Russians.

The combined German-Austrian armies in the theatre of war do not number 2,000,000, including all reserves, while the Russians have more than 4,000,000 already on the scene. Yet at no point have the Russians scored a distinct victory since the opening of the battles. In the north the fighting is entirely in German territory, while in the south, in Galicia, the Austrians have withdrawn toward Cracow for strategic reasons.

An official statement issued at Vienna says that the entire situation is "satisfactory," that the garrison at Przemysl maintains its advantage, inflicting great damage on the Russian besiegers in sorties, and that while Cracow will be besieged it "can be expected to hold out indefinitely."

A dispatch from Petrograd says the Austrians are not making any determined resistance and their morale is declared very bad. All efforts to stamp out Asiatic cholera and dysentery in the Austrian ranks have failed. Because of this the Russian commanders have been ordered to take the utmost precautions to see that disease is not communicated to their own troops.

The correspondent of the Novoe Vremya at the front reports that the Galicians are welcoming the advance of the Russians, expressing deep gratification over the change of government.

Rumors sent to Petrograd by correspondents who are with the army in Galicia say that General von Auffenberg, former Austrian minister of war, was relieved of his command for failure to hold Jaroslav. The reason officially assigned is that he was too sick to remain longer at the front. One report had him suffering with cholera.

Vermont's First Woman Pastor

Miss Mabel T. Winch, 40, was ordained at the Olivet Congregational church at East Arlington, Vt., and has the distinction of being the first woman minister to be ordained in Vermont.

Opposed to Prohibition

The twentieth annual convention of the Massachusetts State Branch, A. F. of L., adopted a resolution opposing the Hobson-Sheppard nation-wide prohibition bill.

Killed Son-In-Law

Lewis Burgess of Burnham, Me., was convicted of manslaughter for the fatal shooting of John Ronco, his son-in-law. He was tried on the charge of murder.

Father and Son Killed

F. G. Morse of Chicago and his son, H. J. Morse, were killed at Wallingford, Conn., by being thrown from an automobile after it had been upset.

ANOTHER CONVENIENCE

The Management of this Institution endeavors at all times to "live up" to the reputation given it by the people of this city as "The Bank of Convenience."

To those of our citizens who wish to enjoy that peace of mind induced by a feeling of positive safety, we suggest the use of our SAFE DEPOSIT facilities for the protection of their documents, valuable papers, jewelry, etc., against loss by burglary, fire or other accidental causes.

This protection may be had at a nominal cost charged as rental, $5 to $100 per year.

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Admission Afternoons 10c.

Evenings, Gentlemen 25c., Ladies 15c.

Arrangements can be made with Mr. Fordon for private lessons.

SHORE DINNERS DAILY

From noon to 8.30

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Chafing Dishes

With an ALCOHOL LAMP you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

It was a profit-grabber rude,
Who said, 'midst dark devices,
"I care not who may raise the food
If I can raise the prices."—Washington Star.

A married woman thinks she is being neglected unless her husband lets her buy his socks and ties.

WHY NOT HAVE A CLEAR SKIN

CUTICURA SOAP

Used exclusively and Cuticura Ointment occasionally will promote and maintain a clear skin, free from pimples, blackheads, redness, roughness and other unsightly eruptions.

Samples Free by Mail

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. book. Address "Cuticura," Dept. [illegible], Boston.

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FOUR-YEAR COURSES (B. S. Degree) in
Agriculture
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SHORT COURSES (for students eighteen years of age and over) in
Agriculture
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Standard entrance requirements for degree courses. No tuition to residents of the State. Board and room at cost.

New Science Hall in use this year. Write for catalogue and illustrated booklet or visit the college at Kingston. Nineteen trains daily.

A great opportunity for the young men and young women of Rhode Island.

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[illegible]

Notice Automobilists

Commencing June 1st, the office of the State Board of Public Roads Automobile Department, State House, Providence, R. I., will be open for business between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., Saturdays excepted, until further notice.

STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS

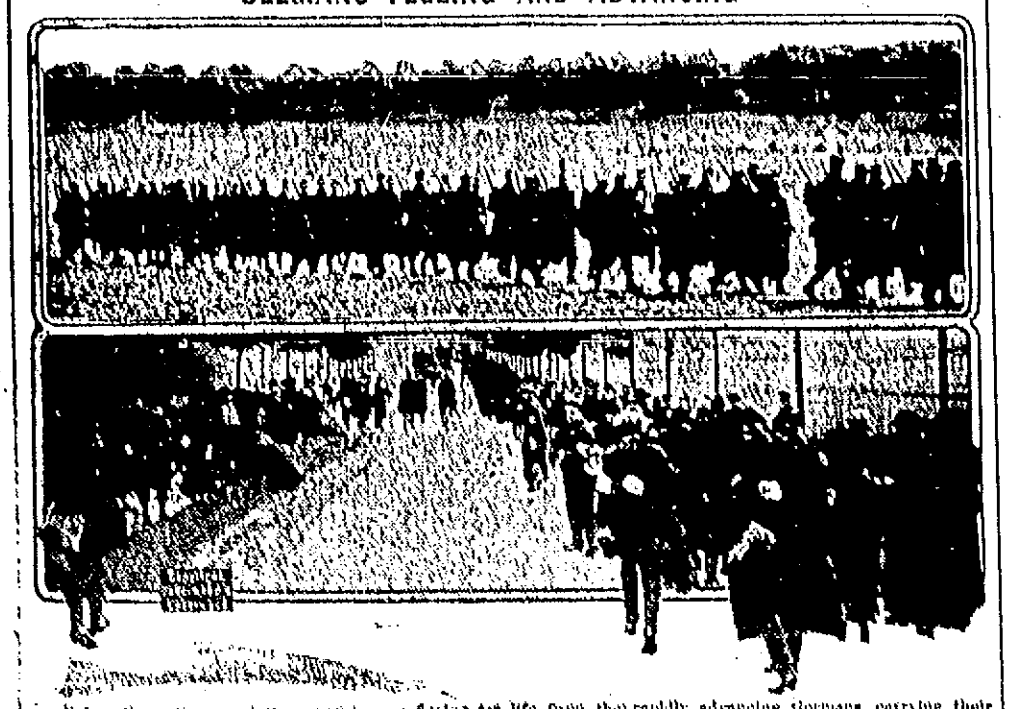
AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT.

GEORGE R. WELLINGTON, Clerk.

SITUATION WANTED by gardener. (Private place.) First class references. Five years in Rhode Island. Age 41, married, one child. Abstainer. Twenty years experience. Fruit and flowers, hardy and under glass, Vegetables etc.

Address S. W., Box [illegible], Peace Dale, R. I.

BELGIANS FLEEING AND ADVANCING



Below, the entire population of Tirlemont fleeing for life from the rapidly advancing Germans, carrying their most precious little possessions. Above, Belgian infantry in column formation screened by artillery under the trees in the distance, marching to repulse the Germans at Haelen.

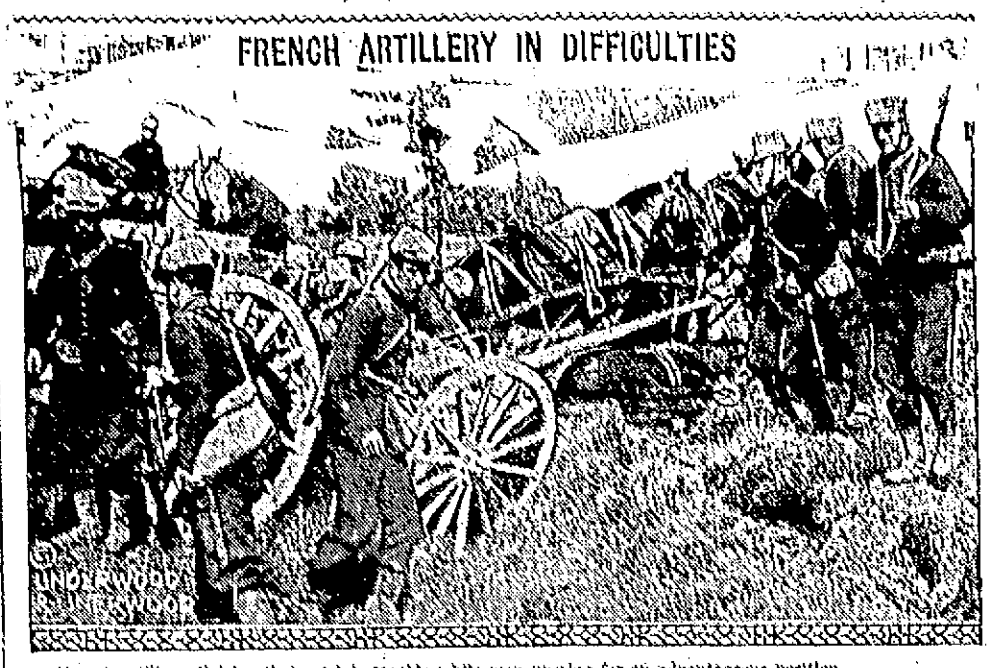
VISE DEVASTATED BY THE INVADING GERMANS

Because Visé, Belgium, offered a stout resistance to the German troops they left it in the condition here shown—a mass of ruins.

CLEARING THE WAY FOR ANTWERP'S GUNS

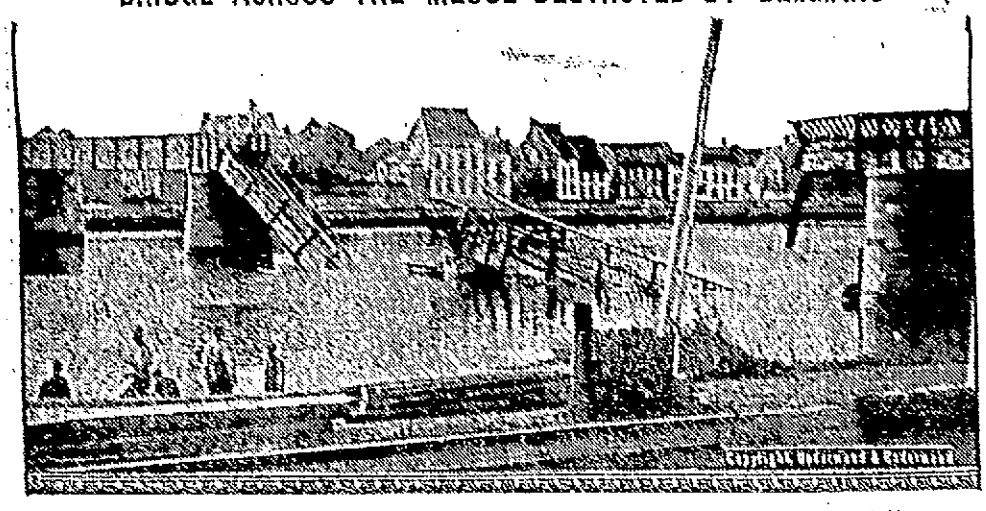
When the Belgians retired to Antwerp many houses in the suburbs were burned in order to clear the land in front of the fortifications. At the left a soldier is seen setting fire to a cottage with a lighted broom.

FRENCH ARTILLERY IN DIFFICULTIES



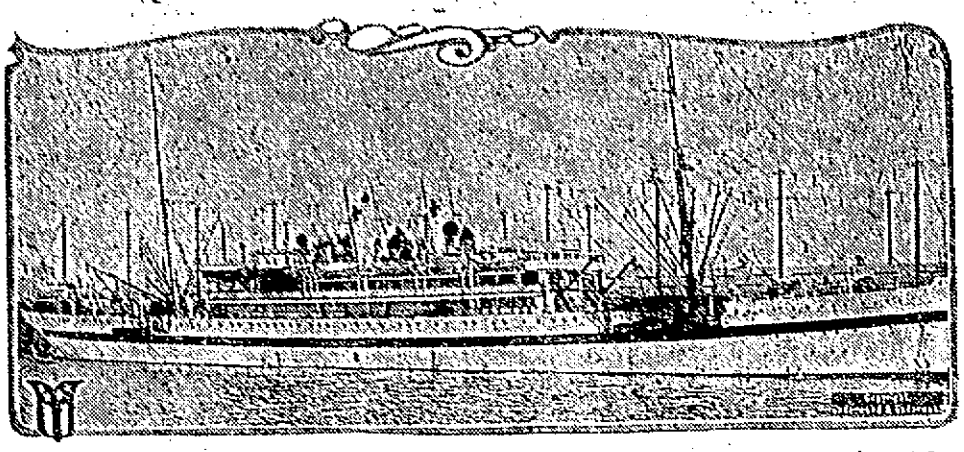
French artillery division that got into trouble while maneuvering for an advantageous position.

BRIDGE ACROSS THE MEUSE DESTROYED BY BELGIANS



In order to impede the advance of the Germans the Belgians destroyed this steel and concrete bridge across the Meuse river. This photograph was made at great risk, as an order had been issued to shoot photographers caught making pictures.

SAILING OF THE RED CROSS DELAYED



This is the steamer Red Cross, formerly the Hamburg, whose sailing from New York with American Red Cross nurses and surgeons was delayed by protests of the English and French consuls because some of the crew were Germans.

READY FOR THEIR ERRAND OF MERCY

Some of the American Red Cross nurses ready to sail on the steamer Red Cross for service on the battlefields of Europe. In front are Mary Francis Hacke, May A. Brownell and Anna L. Rentlinger. At the rear, Mary E. Gladwin, Helen Scott Hay (in charge), Lucy Minnegerode and Mary F. Farley.

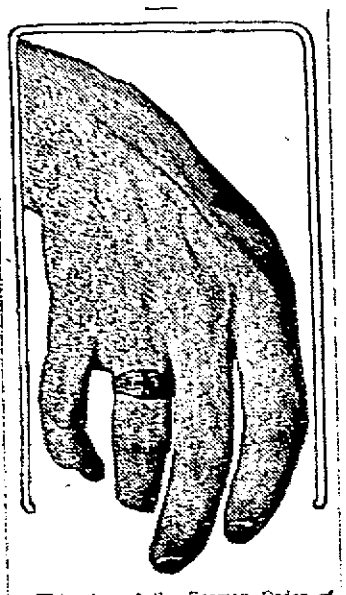
REFUGEES IN CATTLE CAR

American and English refugees fleeing from France in a cattle car. They were glad to obtain even that crude transportation.

London.—A Willesden shopkeeper is disposing of a stock of small silk German flags by offering them as "pipe cleaners; four a penny."

Paris.—In the fighting at Dieuze it is declared the Germans signaled for a massed battery to open fire on the French by having a military band play Chopin's Funeral March.

FOR LOYAL GERMAN WOMEN



This ring of the German Order of the Iron Cross is being bestowed upon many of the loyal women of Germany who contribute to the kaiser's war fund, William following the example set by his grandfather in 1870.

AUSTRIAN SHARPSHOOTERS HOLD BACK SERBS

Austrian sharpshooters along the Danube river checking the advance of the Servian troops.

Then She Might Help.

Madge—Would you marry a spendthrift, my dear? Marjorie—It wouldn't be so bad if he were just starting out on his career.—London Telegraph.

Life is the art of drawing sufficient conclusions from insufficient premises.

Two Views.

"I put my reliance in the wisdom of the plain people," said Senator Sorghum.

"But suppose the plain people do not happen to agree with you?"

"Then I refuse to be influenced by the clamor of the thoughtless crowd."—Washington Star.

Placing the Blame.

Wife—Everything you have you owe to me. Husband—That's what Dr. Jones says. Wife—Who's Dr. Jones? Husband—The stomach and nerve specialist.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Greatness lies not in being strong, but in the right using of strength.—Henry Ward Beecher.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

The Cleverest.

Willy—You see, it was this way. They were all alike to Gold in love with her and it so difficult for her to decide the matter she agreed to marry the one who should prove the cleverest by her age. Father had the advantage. Why, I don't know. I guess that she thought the one who guessed the lowest.

Idea of March.

In the calendar of old Rome the seventh day of the months of March, May, July and October and the ninth day of the rest of the months were kept as fête days. In old Roman writings one hears of the "Ides of March," which is a quaint way to express the date.

HEROISM OF LEMAN

Belgian General's Defense of Liege Told By German.

Finally Blew Up Last of the Forts and Was Found by the Victors Unconscious Beneath Masses of Debris.

Rotterdam.—This is the story of the fall of Liege in the simple, graphic language of a German officer. It was told to a Dutch reporter:

General Leman's defense of Liege combined all that is noble and all that is tragic. The commander of one fort at the moment when the bombardment was at its heaviest, went mad and shot his own men. He was disarmed and bound.

The cupola of another fort was destroyed by bombs dropped from a Zeppelin. The other forts were swept away like sand castles on the seashore before the relentless waves of our eleven-inch siege guns.

As long as was possible General Leman inspected the forts daily to see that everything was in order. The general's legs were crushed by a huge piece of falling masonry dislodged by our guns. Undaunted, Leman visited the forts in an automobile.

Fort Chaudfontein was destroyed by a German shell dropping in the magazine.

At Loncin, one of the strongest forts, General Leman decided to hold his ground or die. Steadily his gunners were shot down and he himself helped to man the guns. For some time, with a mere handful of men, he held out, but nothing could have stood against the hail of shells from our guns.

When the end was inevitable the Belgians disabled the last three guns and exploded a supply of shells kept in readiness. Before this General Leman destroyed all plans, maps and papers relating to the defenses.

Buried beneath the debris and pinned beneath a massive beam we found General Leman. "C'est le General; il est mort," said a wounded aide-de-camp.

With a gentleness and care which showed our respect for the man who had resisted us so valiantly and stubbornly, our infantrymen released the general's limp form and carried him away. We thought him dead, but he recovered consciousness, and looking around, said:

"It is as it is. The men fought well."

Then turning to us he added:

"Put in your dispatches that I was unconscious."

We brought him to our commander, General von Emmich, and the two generals saluted. We tried to speak words of comfort, but he was silent. He is known as the silent general.

"I was unconscious. Be sure to put that in your dispatches," he said, and more he would not say.

Extending his hand, our commander said:

"General, you have fought gallantly and nobly held your forts."

General Leman replied, "I thank you; our troops lived up to their reputations."

With a smile he added, "War is not like maneuvers."

He had reference to the fact that General von Emmich was recently with General Leman during the Belgian maneuvers. Then, unbuckling his sword, General Leman tendered it to General von Emmich.

"No," replied the German commander with a bow. "Keep your sword. To have crossed swords with you has been an honor." And the fire in General Leman's eye was dimmed by a tear.

KING ALBERT THEIR HERO

Belgian People Now Realize How Brave and Firm a Man Is Their Monarch.

Paris.—Roland De Mares, editor of the Independence Belge, voices the Belgian sentiment toward King Albert by a splendid panegyric in the Temps. The writer contrasts the supposed personality of the young monarch, who was popularly believed to be lacking in firmness and military spirit, with the magnificent aspect of the heroic figure whose name henceforth will be inscribed for all time on the pages of history. M. De Mares says:

"It requires a tragic hour like the present to reveal to the world the full measure of the nobility of his nature. This monarch is duty incarnate. The world and his people know him not. It was he who, in perfect accord with his ministers, decided that Belgian neutrality was inviolable, and had the least manifestation of opposition made itself apparent, he would have used his prerogative and dissolved the government to enforce his will.

"This is why he will be entered as a living figure on the pages of history. This is why, in Belgium, where the people are impregnated with the spirit of revolution and liberal government, he never has fawned to the great nor been a slave to princes.

"Let us salute the king, first among our heroes; and should tomorrow bring us either victory or defeat, we shall equally acclaim him in our history as 'Albert the victorious.'"

British Smoked During Battle

A refugee who witnessed some of the fighting in Belgium remarked that the British soldiers were extraordinary beings, for they went into battle smoking their pipes.

"You are charged," said a magistrate, "with talking back to an officer. Have you anything to say?"

"[illegible]," replied the culprit. [illegible]—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

[illegible] Bride—Who does the [illegible]

Her Companion—Oh! We take turns forgetting to do it.—Exchange.

BRYAN'S HARD TASK

Warring Nations Seem Bent on Involving United States.

Secretary of State Visited Daily by Envoys With Complaints or Proposals, but Must Preserve Our Neutrality.

By EDWARD B. CLARK.

Washington.—If anybody thinks that the state department is not earning its salary these days, haste should be made to get another thought. The work and the worry of Mr. Bryan and his lieutenants have not been and are not in the tenth part the result of difficulties in getting Americans out of Europe. The real work and the worry come from the steadfast efforts of the United States government to remain neutral in the war now waging.

It is perhaps unkind to say that every one of the warring nations wishes that the United States would become involved in the conflict, and, becoming involved, would take up arms on its side. The unkindness does not consist in saying that the hope of a belligerent is that if the United States does get into it, it will fight for the cause represented by the hopeful ones, but perhaps it does consist in saying that any nation wishes us the ill luck that has befallen the countries now losing men and fortunes in the field.

Whether it is unkind or not to say it, there seems to be ample evidence in Washington that certain of the warring countries would like nothing better than to see us mix in. The state department daily has to withstand all sorts of subtle attempts to get it to commit itself, which means the committing of this country to some proposition which would cause trouble for the American people. The state department officials do not simply have to walk a chalk line, but they have to walk a swaying tight rope, and they are compelled to use a balancing pole for all the virtue there is in it, to keep them steady on the line.

Every day there go to the state department, one after the other, the ambassadors or the ministers of the different powers at war. Each one has a complaint or a proposition to make to the secretary of state.

The envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the United States from Belgium is E. Havenith. Mr. Havenith always writes his name as it is here set down, and very probably there is no one in Washington who knows what Mr. Havenith's first name is. It seems to be a sort of a state secret. The Belgium envoy insistently protested to the state department against the dropping of bombs on Antwerp from a German dirigible.

If Mr. Bryan, after consultation with President Wilson, had protested to the German government he would have been compelled to do it "in the name of humanity," for it was on a humane basis that the plea of Mr. Havenith was made. A protest of this kind is a serious thing, and it might, perhaps would, lead ultimately to war, for it would be tantamount to the saying by the United States government that the Germans were conducting a barbarous warfare.

There could be no such protest made, at least until the facts in the case absolutely were assured and the people of this country were aroused to the point of demanding action, and after a long and careful deliberation on the subject by President Wilson's cabinet. Of course Mr. Havenith wanted immediate action. He had to be met with suavity, with a promise to take the matter into consideration and with the usual diplomatic assurance of "good will and high esteem."

While the Belgian envoy was thus insistent, the representative of Germany in this country, acting in the temporary absence in New York of Ambassador von Bernstorff, was telling his side of the story.

Representatives of other countries in one hour were urging upon Mr. Bryan the necessity of taking notice of the bomb dropping, while in another hour, the representatives of still other countries were telling him to pay no attention to the pleas for a protest.

There are scores of things every day which come before the state department in the form of representations, requests or protests, any one of which if acted upon immediately might involve this country in war. The censorship of the cables and of the German owned wireless stations was and still is one of the delicate subjects which the state department must handle. Moreover, there are the constant representations that this ship or that ship is taking out coal and provisions from American ports ostensibly intended for the supply of neutral countries and which as the protesters put it, are really intended to fill the bunkers of warships hovering off the coast.

It is pretty well assured here that the officials of the state department finally are convinced that it is a very much harder job to keep out of war than it is to get into war. If the United States government acted in everything as it has been requested to act by the representatives of foreign governments, we would be at war today with pretty nearly every country on earth.

Storks Welcomed as Good Omen.

Immense flocks of storks arriving in the neighborhood of Toulon along the Mediterranean coast from the direction of Alsace are being welcomed by the French inhabitants there as a good omen.

Alkali Ike—And so Slippery Sam died with his boots on, eh?

Broncho Bill—No, he died with my boots on. That's how he came to die.—Boston Transcript.

Artist—I've spent a dollar carfare toting that sketch around town, yet you only offer me $2.

Art Editor—Well, that's a hundred per cent. on your money, isn't it?—Life.

"A Scrap of Paper."

The New York World says: "Just for a scrap of paper," exclaimed the German imperial chancellor in his final interview with the British ambassador—"Just for a scrap of paper Great Britain is going to make war on a kindred nation!"

That "scrap of paper" was the treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium. The whole history of human liberty is written on just such scraps of paper.

The Magna Charta was "a scrap of paper."

The Bill of Rights was "a scrap of paper."

The Declaration of Independence was "a scrap of paper."

The Constitution of the United States is "a scrap of paper."

The Emancipation Proclamation was "a scrap of paper."

The decisions of the United States Supreme Court and of the British law lords are "a scrap of paper."

For 100 years "a scrap of paper" has maintained an unbroken peace between the United States and the British possessions of Canada along an unfortified frontier of 3000 miles.

The Clayton-Bulwer treaty was "a scrap of paper," but the United States, despite the temptation, took no move to construct an Isthmian canal until that scrap of paper could be amended with the consent of both parties to the contract.

Respect for these scraps of paper measures a nation's honor no less than its freedom. Democracy itself is only "a scrap of paper."

"The Kaiser's Will."

Anything anti-German or anything that ridicules or condemns Germany and the Kaiser goes in Paris. An enterprising printer in that city made a pretty penny from the sale of "Kaiser Wilhelm's will," which read as follows:

"My fortune to all the widows, orphans, and others of whose bereavement I have been the cause.

"To Belgium, as a souvenir of her heroic defence of Liege, the Cross of Honor in diamonds, my sword, and the right to jeer at me.

"To France I restore by force Alsace-Lorraine, her clocks and her billions of francs.

"To England I give back her title, which I usurped—viz., "King of the Seas."

"To Servia I give Austria.

"To Russia, all my cannon, as a surety of universal peace.

"To Austria I leave my last cartridge, in order that she may end the business in honorable fashion.

"To all the other countries that I have forced into mobilization and war I give the wealth that remains of my Empire.

"To my family I give the nothing I have left.

"As executor of this will I choose William Deibler to whom I regret I cannot give my head, which is claimed by all the world." (Deibler is the Paris executioner.)

A Thing to Fear.

The Greenes were Republicans of the dyed-in-the wool order, and to them there was no more beautiful thing on earth than the grand old party.

One evening the Green family was augmented by other Greens, Cousin Bill Green, Uncle Jim Green and more Greens came from an adjacent town for dinner. After dinner they talked politics.

"Come Johnny," said Mrs. Green to her little 8-year-old son about 9 o'clock, "it is time for you to go to bed."

"I don't want to go, mamma," responded the youngster, with a terrified look, "I'm afraid."

"Afraid!" laughed mother. "What in the world is there to be afraid of!"

"I'm afraid," was the almost tearful rejoinder, "that there might be a Democrat under the bed."

In a certain textbook on arithmetic which was designed for use in schools appears the following ingenious problem: "A cannon ball travels 540 feet in one second. How will it be from the muzzle of the gun after the lapse of thirty-five minutes."—New York Post.

"I heard that Ranter broke down in the middle of his speech the other night," said the man who was kept at home by illness.

"Not exactly" replied the man who was there. The meeting broke up right in the middle of his speech."

Maud—Jack told me last night that I was beautiful.

Ethel—And yet people say Jack has no imagination.—Boston Transcript.

"Poverty, my dear, is no disgrace."

"I know that, but, on the other hand, you know it's nothing to brag about, either."—Detroit Free Press.

"Do you give money to your wife?"

"No sir; I have no bad habits whatever."—Indianapolis Journal.

The lumber dealer is generally more successful in collecting a board bill than the landlady.—Philadelphia Record.

Most people fancy themselves innocent of those crimes of which they can not be convicted.—Seneca.

It is no disgrace to die poor—but its a mean trick to play on your relatives.—Boston Transcript.

Lots of men know a good thing the minute the other fellow sees it first.—Puck.

The most unpleasant thing about the march of civilization is the rattle of artillery that accompanies it.

You can flatter any man by speaking of his crankiness as the accentricity of genius.

Her Coaxing Way.

She—Oh, sweet hubby, be so good as to make me a present of 100 marks.

He—Well, if you need them you may have them. She—Oh, how nice! Now you need to give me only 300 marks more for my tailor's bill!—Fliegende Blatter.

Flower and Weed Test.

How to tell the flowers from the weeds: Pull them up by the roots. If they are flowers that will be the last of 'em: if weeds, only the beginning.—Chicago News.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

An Incident of Travel.

She was a young woman, slight, graceful, well dressed. There were diamonds on her fingers. Evidently she came from a home that, if not happy, was well supplied with money.

The street car had stopped at the usual place to admit passengers. A number climbed aboard. She had time to do so. She did not move, however, until the conductor signalled the motorman to proceed. Then she scrambled, gained a footing, was lifted safely to the platform, but by the car's gaining momentum was slightly jarred.

"Why did you start the car when you saw I was waiting to enter?" she snapped at the conductor.

"I beg your pardon, miss," the conductor replied, "but I thought you were waiting for some other car. You had plenty of time to enter."

"I'll report you for this," she shouted as she paid her fare. And later, as she was leaving, she repeated the threat.

The conductor merely smiled.

A spoiled beauty, you say? Undoubtedly. As some husband will one day discover to his sorrow.

"Do you have many such experiences?" the conductor was asked.

"Perhaps half a dozen a day," he replied. "And mostly from young women of her type. They seem to think they're entitled to special consideration."

Here the fault was all her own. But if it had not been, if the conductor, busy with fare taking, anxious to keep the schedule, had been just a second too hasty, how would you have met the experience? Irritably or with good nature?

It's a great place to study human nature, the rear platfor of a street car. Even the conductors are human.

A Shrinking Process.

Brown belonged to the military company of a small town, and when he went to camp with the regiment one summer he found the rations rather abbreviated. Two or three days of this, and one afternoon the colonel discovered Brown just outside the camp grounds munching on something with a twisted face.

"What are doing here, Brown?" queried the colonel, "and what are you eating?"

"I am eating green persimmons, sir," answered Brown in an exceedingly puckery voice.

"Great Scott, man!" exclaimed the colonel. "Don't you know any better than to eat persimmons at this time of the year? They will draw your stomach all out of shape!"

"That's why I am eating them, sir," answered Brown. "I am trying to shrink my stomach to fit my rations."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Whole Show.

The status of the office boy came up for discussion in the lobby of a Washington hotel the other afternoon, and Congressman Samuel J. Tribble, of Georgia, told of an incident that happened in one of the metropolitan cities.

One day a young man went to the office of a large firm and asked to see the head of the house. On being received by that party the young man intimated that he would like to be connected with the firm.

"I see," thoughtfully mused the head of the house. "What particular position in our establishment would you like, sir?"

"I was thinking," loftily returned the young man, "I might be made the confidential adviser of the general manager."

"Just the thing!" happily replied the boss. "You may have both jobs. I will make you the office boy."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Party Men.

Adlai Stevenson once said party politicians believed their side to be always right and the other side always wrong. Whatever the other side advocated it was horrible and infernal; whatever their own side advocated was holy.

He said the partisan couldn't understand that you might arrive at the right thing by more ways than one; and thus the partisan was like the urchin whose teacher said:

"Willie, what does six plus four make?"

"Eleven!"

"No. Try again."

"Twelve."

"No."

"Thirteen."

"No, no, no. You're guessing. But why couldn't you have guessed that six plus four makes 10?"

"Because it don't make 10," said Willie. "Five and Five make 10—I remember that."

Couldn't Fool Her.

A woman, wearing an anxious expression, called at an insurance office one morning.

"I understand," she said, "that for five dollars I can insure my house for a thousand dollars in your company."

"Yes," replied the agent, "that is right. If your house burns down we pay you one thousand dollars."

"And," continued the woman anxiously, "do you make any inquires as to the origin of the fire?"

"Certainly," was the prompt reply, "we make the most careful inquiries, madam."

"Oh!"—and she turned to leave the office—"I thought there was a catch in it somewhere."—Everybody's.

Commanded the Prince.

As Prince of Wales the late King Edward attended the Guildhall to preside over the centenary banquet of the Iron and Metal Ware institution. The lord mayor, Sir John Knill, was also an invited guest. As the prince and the lord mayor reached the top table his royal highness made way and said:

"My lord mayor, there is your seat."

The lord mayor replied, "No, your royal highness.

The prince then said, "Excuse me; you are king of the city, and that is your rightful place."

His lordship's reply to this was, "Well, your highness, if I am king of the city, then I command you, sir, to take the chair."—London Tit-Bits.

"Yes," said the man in the ginger colored suit. "I'm in a bad fix. My father was a Frenchman and his father was a German, My mother was English and her father was a Belgian. My mother is a Hollander, my chauffeur is a Russian and my cook is an Austrian."

"Well, say," the other man asked, "what in Texas are you going to do?"

"What can I do? Nothing, except to preserve a strict neutrality and mind my own business."

Quite Easily Done.

The class was, at the moment, engaged in geography. That is to say, about 30 small boys sat in a state of utter boredom, while a little man stood in front of a map and made thin remarks through a ragged muscache about unimportant facts.

In these circumstances the unexpected entrance of the inspector was almost in the nature of a relief to the weary youngsters.

"Now my little man," said the inspector in that patronizing tone really learned people always adopt when speaking to children, "can you tell me what the equator is?"

"Yes sir,' said Tommy Styles, seeing that he was being addressed. "It is an imaginary line drawn around the world.'

"Quite right, my little fellow. Now let me see whether you really understand what that means. Could you, do you think, tie a knot in the equator?"

"Yes, I could, sir!"

"Could you, indeed!" answered the learned one in fine scorn. "And what sort of a knot now?"

"An imaginary knot, sir!"—Answers.

The October St. Nicholas.

The October St. Nicholas has two features of very special interest to boys—and their fathers—the life story of Walter Johnson of the Washington Base Ball Club, told by Billy Evans, Umpire in the American League, and the first of two articles on "Tactics and Tacticians of the Gridiron," by Parke H. Davis. This is the first authoritative account of how Walter Johnson rose from an obscure Western club to his present position as "the greatest figure in the base ball world," and Billy Evans tells the story just as Walter Johnson told it to him. There are plenty of pictures from photographs.

Girl readers of this October issue will find specially for them Katharine Dunlap Cather's sketch of "The Tomboy from Bordeaux", the sympathetically told story of the girlhood and early aspirations of the great Rosa Bonheur.

This October number is the last of the forty-first volume of St. Nicholas. November will begin the new volume and Frances Hodgson Burnett's new story "The Lost Prince", which is to run through twelve months of St. Nicholas.

Quite Correct.

The traveler had spent the night at the station hotel and in the morning, after a hurried breakfast, found himself with only five minutes in which to catch his train. He made a helterskelter progress to the platform and then suddenly remembered that he had left his despatch case, containing valuables, on the dressing table in his bedroom. After a moment's hesitation he seized his baggage from the porter.

"Quick!" he cried. "Run up as fast as ever you can to No. 69 and see if I have left a green morocco dispatch case on the right-hand corner of the dressing table.'

The youth departed like lightning, and the traveler, hanging out of the carriage window, watch in hand, timed the passing moments with augmented anxiety. The train was on the move as the porter sprang along the platform empty-handed.

"Yes, sir," he panted, that's right, sir, you left it on the corner of the dressing table, sir!"

Two of a Kind.

Apropos of the "dryness" into which West Virginia has entered by a prohibition majority of 30,000, H. L. Kirk, the mayor of Wheeling, said:

"Well, for the next four years at any rate, you'll hear no such horrible dialogues in our West Virginia barrooms as a man heard recently in Parkersburg.

"This man saw two thin, pale nervous wrecks standing side by side, tossing off whiskers feverishly.

"The first wreck wiped his mouth on the back of his thin hand and said:

"I'm just up out of a sick bed. I've been awful sick. Snakes and pink toads crawled all over me.'

"The second wreck started. With a frown he regarded the first wreck intently. Then he shuddered and drew back.

"'Why, man,' he said, 'they're crawling all over you now!'"

A Valuable Discovery.

The late Charles H. Britting, proprietor of the New York actors' restaurant known as the "Little Hall of Fame," took a keen interest in popular trends and movements of all kinds.

Mr. Britting thought little of scientific management and efficiency engineering. He said one day to an efficiency engineer:

"Blank is a fool, and I thought he'd go broke. But, by jingo, the fellow has deceived me. He has discovered a labor saving device and his address will be Easy street from now on."

"Good boy, Blank!" said an actor, "and what labor-saving device has he discovered?"

"An elderly widow," Mr. Britting answered—"an elderly widow with a million who has consented to marry him."—New York Tribune.

"So Ethel is now engaged in reform work?'

"Yes, she is teaching her parrot not to swear.'—Boston Transcript.

He Didn't Know.

The curious pedestrian stopped where a man was working in his garden, and wishing to be friendly, he said:

"I say, my friend, how deep is your lot?"

The man looked up from his work.

"I really don't know, stranger," he said. "I never dug down fur enough to find out."

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Suffrage And Divorce.

Equal suffrage for women has existed in Colorado since 1893, and yet not one divorce suit has resulted from political differences between husbands and wives.

This fact is attested by 21 judges of the district court of this state in letters sent to Senator Shafroth at Washington.

The letter of Judge George W. W. Allen, of Denver, is typical:

"During my experience on the bench," he wrote, "which has covered a period of 20 years, I have never known of a divorce case among the many as such wherein it was claimed or suggested that political differences in any manner had been the cause of trouble between husband and wife.'—Denver dispatch to New York World.

Not on the Map.

Mrs. Norman had a maid, Jane, who had a lover in the army. One day after receiving a letter from him, she sought her mistress and asked if she might see a map. A while after she returned to Mrs. Norman again and said she could not find the place where her lover was.

"Where is it do you say, Jane?" asked the mistress.

'Duranceville,' replied Jane after another careful perusal of the letter.

Mrs. Norman searched the map, but no such place could be sound.

"Jane,' she said, "please let me see the part of the letter which gives you the name of the place where he is."

Jane complied, and Mrs. Norman read: "I am in durance vile, but hope soon to be sent home.—National Monthly.

As A Reminder.

F. Irving Fletcher, at one of the Daily Ad club's brilliant dinners in New York, said in praise of advertising:

"I once urged the millionaire proprietor of a very old and conservative firm to advertise. But he replied:

"Why should I advertise. My house is very old and it is very widely known."

"Well sir," said I, "speaking with all due reverence, God is even older than your house, and He is even more widely known: and yet from time to time. He does not hesitate to call the people to Him with the sound of church bells."—New York Tribune.

She Left, All Right.

Mrs. Allen's new servant came to her the morning after her arrival and said:

"I'm goin' to lave yez, mam, today. I'll not stay any longer."

"Going to leave!" cried Mrs Allen in amazement. "Why in the world are you going to leave so soon?"

"Well, mum," said the girl, "when I came yesterday mornin' you gave me the keys to yer trunks and drawers and jewel cases to kape for yez."

"Why, yes, so I did," said the mistress; "that showed that I trusted you. What is the matter?"

"Well, yer see, mum," said the servant, "they don't one of 'em fit."—Chicago News.

Little Conversation.

The workman was engaged in excavating operations, i. e., he was digging.

The wayfarer of an inquisitive turn of mind stopped for a moment to look on.

"My man," said the wayfarer at length, "what are you digging for?"

The workman looked up.

"Money," he replied.

"Money!" ejaculated the amazed wayfarer. "And when do you expect to strike it?"

"Saturday," replied the workman, and resumed operations.

Nobody Home.

An elderly German woman was left in the house by herself. Suddenly the telephone bell rang. She had never answered the phone or talked over it in her life. The bell rang again and then again. Then she knew it must be answered, even though she did not wish to. Jumping to her feet she took the receiver down.

"Nobody at home!" she shouted into the transmitter and then hung up the receiver.

His Wife—I met our maid Anna just now on the street and she pretended not to see me.

Her Husband—You ought to point out to Anna the impropriety to such conduct.

His Wife—But how can I? You see, she had another girl with her, and it was quite evident she didn't want her friend to know she was working for a woman who wore a two dollar and fifty cent hat.—New York Post.

Sillicus—When is the proper time to congratulate a bride and groom?

Cynicus—After they have lived together for at least a year and are still happy.—Philadelphia Record.

"Jones wanted to spend his vacation in the country and Mrs. Jones wanted to go to the seashore."

"How did they settle it?"

"It is evident than you are not married."—Boston Transcript.

"Why won't that rich old curmudgeon let his young wife act in amateur theatricals?"

"Because the last time she took part everybody raved about the way she acted a merry widow part."—Baltimore American.

"Why, Willie," said the teacher, "have you been fighting again? Didn't you learn that when you are struck on one cheek you ought to turn the other one to the striker?" "Yes'm," agreed Willie, "but he hit me on the nose, and I've only got one."—Kansas City Star.

Casey—Doolan offered to prove to me in black an' white that Oi was a fool.

Clancy—Phwat happened thin?

Casey—Oi proved to him in black an' blue that he was a liar.

Yeast—Did you enjoy your trip through Milwaukee?

Crimsonbeak—Did I? Say there wasn't a dry minute in the entire trip!"—Yonkers Statesman.

"Waiter, this is a very small portion." "It is sir. But it is impossible with the place crowded as you see, sir, to serve a larger one."—New York Post.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to

MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1914.

NOTES.

Rhode Island Chronology, by John Barber, Esq. Taken from manuscript of Dr. Henry E. Turner, now in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T. Continued.

1789. Helme, Rouse J. Esq. an Eminent Lawyer, and prominent Member of Assembly, died, in S. K. Oct. 13; ag. 45 years. He was son of Hon.

1791. Hancok, Gov'r, Mass. visited Newport, in August.

1792. Hazard, Hon. Carden, Judge of Supreme Court, died at South Kingstown, Nov. 21, ag. 69 yrs.

1793. Handy, Charles, Esq. Merch't, died at Newp. July, ag. 64 y'rs.

1794. Henry, John, Manager of a Company of Comedians, and commonly called Father of the American Stage, died Suddenly, Oct. 5, on passage, from Newp. to N. York.

1794. Herne, Major Charles Rep. from Prov. died Jan. 4.

1796. Hopkins, Capt. John, Prov. died Dec. he commanded several armed vessels during the Revolutionary.

1797. Hazard, Hon. George, former Mayor, died Aug. 10, ag. 74 y'rs.

1798. Hudson, Hopkins, executed at Prov. Oct. 26, for the murder of Rufus Randall.

1799. Holmes, John, Esq. former Repr. died.

1800. Hamilton, Gen. Alexander, visited Newport and inspected the Forts in the Harbour.

1801. Hazard, Benj. commenced practice of law, in April.

1801. Hazard, Doc't. Each, Commenced Practice in Newp.

1802. Hunter, Wm. delivered an oration at Main Celebration.

1803. Hitchcock, Rev'd Enos, Pastor of Benevolent Congregational Society, Prov. died Mar.

1803. Hopkins, Rev. Samuel, D. D. a very eminent divine, and Pastor 1st Cong. C'h Newp. died Dec. 20, ag. 82 y'rs.

1804. Hopkins, Amos, established R. I. Farmers, in Prov. Aug. 2.

1804. Hamilton, Alex'r killed in Duel by A. Brown July 12.

1804. Howland, Benj. Tiverton elected U. S. Senator, in place of S. J. Potter, dec. by 2 majority over Asher Robbins, Newport.

1805. Hancock, Packet Sloop of Prov. was lost on passage from N. York Jan. 9, near Franklin Island, Light House.

1805. Hayes, Moses M. died at Boston, May 9, ag. 63 y'rs formerly a Merchant of Newp. bur. in Hebrow Cemetery, Newp.

1805. Handy, Mary, wife of Sam'l died ag. 22.

1805. Hull, Hanson, died at Havana, ag. 17.

1806. Hunter, Wm. & Thomas, Arnold, Federalists Candidates for Congress.

1806. Hull, Geo. son of Hanson, died on G. of Africa, ag. 20.

1806. Hovy, Wm. son of Elial, of Charleston, S. C., thrown from his horse, and instantly killed at Newp. May, 4, ag. 12 y'rs.

To be continued.

Queries.

7944. CARD.—Joseph Card, Newport, R. I., married about 1670, Jane—. Who were parents of both?—E. L. A.

7945. CLARKE.—Joseph Clarke, Newport R. I., Westerly, R. I., born 1618 (brother of Rev. John). He had two wives. What were wives' names and children of each?—J. A. C.

7946. COOK.—Mary Cook, born 1678; married 1698, James Barker of Newport, R. I.; who were her parents?—F. B. C.

7947. SIMMONS.—John Simmons, lived about 1670. Can anyone tell me who his parents were and where they came from?—K.

7948. TREFTON.—Joseph Trefton, who lived in 17—. Would like to know the names of his parents and where they came from. It is thought to be some where in R. I.—K.

7949. HALL.—Zurial Hall, Portsmouth, R. I. died 1691, leaving widow Elizabeth. Who were her parents?—M. A. R.

7950. TALLMAN.—Peter Tallman, Portsmouth, R. I., died 1708. He had three wives, viz.: first, Ann—; second, Joan Briggs; third, Esther—. Who were the parents of each wife? What were the names of the children of each wife?—E. L. T.

7951. TEW.—Henry Tew, Newport, R. I., was born 1651. He married twice (1) Doreas—. (2) Sarah—. Who were the parents of his two wives? Did he leave a will?—T. M. E.

7952.—Who were the parents and grandparents of Elizabeth Thomas of Portsmouth, who married William Brown of Tiverton, (son of John Brown and Sarah White) Oct. 4, 1747?—T. E. W.

The railroads propose to build a sixty five million dollar union station in Chicago, and still Newport has to struggle along with a sixty five cent station, with a few cents added this year in the shape of repairs.

A mother of four daughters, one of whom had recently married, cornered an eligible young man in the drawing room. "And which one of my girls do you admire, might I ask?"

"The married one," was the prompt reply.—Argonaut.

The End of a Political Blatherskite.

(Boston Truth.)

Senator Robert Marion Lafollotte, he of the flexible tongue, the beetling pompadour and the invincible infallibility, has retired from the senatorial battle of Wisconsin for strategic reasons; he was the victim of a turning out movement by the foe, and when the sun went down on Wisconsin the triumphant enemy was playing checkers on his coat-tails, and Robert the Reverberating was in full retreat for the tall timbers disguised as Robert the Rejected. There are grief and gnashful rage in the camp of Battle Bob; and there are laughter and language, rude and roysterous, in the tents of McGovern, for Governor Mac has put a crimp in the career, a sliver in the ambition, and gall in the cup of Bantam Bob. He whose leather lungs waked the echoes of the Lake regions, whose wind and words excited the bile of senates and the wrath of millionaires, is now a "has-been," an "also-ran," and even the most abject office seeker will hesitate to do him reverence. His sun has set; Fate has slammed the door in his teeth; and for him remains only such consolation as the pen and ink bottle of editors bring to seared souls and the acrid joy of hurling epithets and adjectives at his gloating foes in his personal and perfervid weekly.

Fighting Bob has evidently run his race. He was a fierce fighter and a hard hitter; he came out of the night at an hour when the bosses cared little for howling dervishes, and he went up and down Wisconsin accusing and denouncing, one of the first in the field of that frothy brigade of reformers and reverberators whose motto was, "What ever is is wrong; and nothing will be right until we write it. Down with everthing and everybody. Onward for the People and the Pickings."

Lafollette was neither scrupulous nor mealy mouthed; he not only called a spade a spade, but he adorned it with a new and odorous garland of adjectives. He vilified the leaders of his party and drove them from office; he hectored and harried the railroads; he packed every office with his led-captains and partisans; he passed new laws to aid his mission of destruction and reform; he passed to the Senate with noise and strut and turned over the governorship to a lieutenant; he set up a cast-iron dictatorship in Wisconsin, building up a machine he believed to be invincible. He roared and ranted in the Senate; he lived in the accusative mood; he saw the Presidency dancing before his eyes; he sassed the Colonel and became an insatiate and insensate lime-lighter, a dictator, a heavy-handed boss who brooked neither advise nor opposition; and in time he ruled Wisconsin with a high hand and head. Not every man bowed down to Robert, and when the tide of Republican-Progressive-reformatory-windy riot was at its full he lost his sense of proportion and roared down all opposition. He could not see the ebb of the tide.

Then McGovern crossed his path, McGovern shrewd, smiling, fearless, staunchly Republican. McGovern who had Battle Bob's measure to an inch and who knew how to fight without waste of energy, and how to win. When the hour came the reverberating rooster of Wisconsin had his comb cut; the dictator was dethroned, the boss was beaten, the machine he deemed invincible shattered and wrecked.

Lafollette came in with rushing tide of muckrakeism; he filled the earth with words and odors, talk and trouble; he demoralized Wisconsin and disgusted America; and now he has gone out on the ebb tide of nausea, which has shown to a tired and bedevilled nation the filth and falsehood that were left on the shore by the receding waters.

The passing of Lafollette is a sign of returning national sanity, an evidence that America is weary of the years of noise, nonsense, humbug, false pretence, destructions and plunder which have masqueraded as reform and rectitude.

PORTSMOUTH.

From our Regular Correspondent.

Miss Hattie Jencks has been visiting Mrs. Calkins of Providence.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Brown of Providence have been spending several days with Mr. and Mrs. William W. Anthony.

Mr. Richard Holman and his daughter, Miss Marian Holman of Fall River, have been visiting relatives in this town.

Mr. William G. Lambe and Miss Mary S. Lambe of New Bedford have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Anthony.

Edward Sutton, Jr., of Turnpike avenue, had a narrow escape from serious injury recently. He was running along the road holding on the back of a carriage when the driver swung his whip around to drive the boy away. As he ran from behind the carriage an automobile struck him and threw him to the ground. He was taken to Dr. Storr's office where it was found that no bones were broken, but he was so severely cut and bruised that several stitches had to be taken.

The Iroquois Club have arranged a series of dances for the winter, as they did last year. The first dance was held Friday evening at Oakland Hall. Knowe's orchestra played for dancing.

Bishop James De Wolf Perry was at St. Mary's Church Thursday evening and administered confirmation to a class of seven candidates.

Mr. Philip Almy of Scituate, R. I., has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar C. Manchester.

The Ever Willing Workers are planning to hold a harvest supper at Oakland Hall next Wednesday evening, followed by dancing. A meeting of the society was held Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Frances P. Conway, with a good attendance. This is a new society, not connected with any church, and after it is thoroughly established it will work for charitable purposes, both here and in other places.

Mrs. Anrion V. Chevers is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fanny Southwick.

Miss Mildred Hall is ill with scarlet fever.

St. Mary's Choir Guild held a meeting at St. Mary's Rectory on Monday. The financial report from the lunch tent at the Newport County Agricultural Fair was read, and considered very satisfactory. The guild is planning for a turkey supper to be held at Fair Hall, early in November.

An automobile owned by Miss Mary Hall and driven by Mr. Benjamin Hall, Jr., ran into a wagon belonging to Archie Strother recently and did considerable damage to the front wheel of the automobile as well as wrecking the wagon, and destroying its contents.

Among those who attended the Brockton Fair were Mr. and Mrs. Emerson A. Bishop, Mr. Howard Bishop, Mr. C. Woodman Chase and Miss Hattie Peabody, Mr. William Bone and Mr. Robert Gibson.

Miss Carolyn D. Anthony will begin her duties as soloist at the First Congregational (Stone) Church in Fall River on Sunday, having completed her engagement at the United Congregational Church in Newport last Sunday.

Mrs. Isabelle L. Tallman is visiting her daughter, Miss Dorothea C. Tallman, at Keene, N. H.

Mr. David Albro has resumed his studies at the University of Vermont, at Bellows Falls, Vt.

B. I. Spock, Counsel for the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company for Connecticut, has been appointed General Solicitor of the Company. Mr. Spock reports to E. G. Buckland, General Counsel for the Company and Vice President. Mr. Spock's office continues at New Haven, and counsel for the several states will report to General Solicitor Spock.

President Wilson is having more trouble with his Mexican bandit pets. Villa has rebelled against Carranza and arrested some of the latter's generals, and another war is predicted. Meanwhile the fleet still remains at Vera Cruz collecting taxes for Carranza. The watchful waiting policy of Wilson's has proved the most gigantic farce of the age.

The Quidnick-Windham Mfg. Co. mills at Willimantic, Conn., and Quidnick, R. I., were placed in the hands of a receiver. Between 800 and 900 operatives are affected. This is another evidence of the beautiful workings of the free trade policies of this Administration.

"I say, Wilkins, I can't get any speed out of that car you sold me. I thought you were arrested six times in it?"

"So I was, for obstructing traffic.—New York Post.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, made by John H. Sullivan (his wife Josie T. joining therein in release of dower) to Lincoln and Hood, of Fall River, Massachusetts, dated February 13th, A. D. 1912, and recorded in Volume 2 at page 157, of the Mortgage Land Evidence of the Town of Tiverton, State of Rhode Island and by assignment, dated October 17th, A. D. 1913, and recorded in Volume 2 at page 172, transferred to the undersigned, Said John A. Leary will sell at public auction on the premises in said Town of Tiverton, hereinafter described, on SATURDAY, the tenth day of October, A. D. 1914, at twelve o'clock noon, breach having been made in the condition of said mortgage, all the right, title and interest that the said John H. Sullivan had at the time of the execution of said mortgage in and to that certain tract of land, with the buildings and other improvements thereon, located in the said Town of Tiverton and bounded as follows: West on the Main Road leading south from Fall River to the Stone Bridge; North by land formerly of George W. Hambly, deceased, and partly by land formerly of John B. Hambly, deceased; East by land of John H. Hicks, and South by land now or formerly held by Charles W. Howland as a tenant by courtesy and containing about six acres, more or less; said premises being the same granted by said mortgage, which is hereby made a part hereof.

And said assignee of said mortgage hereby gives notice that he intends to bid for said property at said sale thereof.

JOHN A. LEARY,
Assignee.

ROBERT M. FRANKLIN,
Attorney.

9-19-3w

W. F. ADAMS, Auctioneer.

For Sale for $150.

TWO Redwood Library Shares, value $100 each and two special shares, value $25 each. Apply to B-5 JUANITA APTS., Surrey & Atlantic Avenues, Ventnor, N. J.

9-19-2w

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., September 14, 1914.

Estate of Otis P. Mott.

REQUEST in writing is made by the heirs-at-law of Otis P. Mott, late of said New Shoreham, deceased intestate, that William S. Mott, of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the fifth day of October, 1914, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. GRAMPLIN,
Clerk

9-19-3w

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Best Prices

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Old Engravings

Wiseman's Art Store,

112 Bellevue Avenue.

LOST—On Tuesday, August 11, while driving, a string of pearl beads. Reward by owner, MARY E. CARR, care of Mrs. Taylor, "The Roland," Purgatory road.

Harvest Time is Over

Produce sold and money is in the bank drawing 4 per cent. Our proposition is better than that; give us your money and we will give you 10 per cent. for it and a hundred and one things you need for your home comfort to boot. How's that for a money maker—let's get together.

You Need a Morris Chair

To Rest Your Weary Bones in

'Twould make a new man of you. Just picture yourself in one of those big broad real-thing comfort chairs after your strenuous day's labor—need any more to start you going? Twenty patterns to suit your taste and suit your pocketbook. Enough said. This week.

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From Newport, October 7, via Boston and B. & A.R.R. Returning leave New York October 8 or 9.

$5.00 Round Trip Fare $5.00

See the New York State Capitol at Albany.
Sail down the Hudson by daylight or moonlight.
Return by the famous Fall River Line.

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THE Savings Bank of Newport

INCORPORATED 1819

DEPOSITS $9,412,269 01

SURPLUS $885,520 10

Deposits made on or before

SATURDAY, October 17, 1914,

go on interest on that date.

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

Carr's List.

The Eyes of the World,
By Harold Bell Wright.
Crowds,
By Gerald Stanley Lee.
The Herbaceous Garden,
By Mrs. Alice Martineau.
Rock Gardens, How to Make and Maintain Them,
By Lewis B. Meredith.

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